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# FOOD POLICY—AND POLITICS

THE first meagre press reports of the results of Mr. Herbert Morrison's visit to Washington led to the impression that his mission had been somewhat barren of benefit—at least to this country. While we had agreed to divert to the British Zone in Germany a further 200,000 tons of the wheat which otherwise would have reached our shores from America and Canada this summer, the reciprocal contributions secured from the United States had not been publicised In any event food prospects in the British Zone were so desperate during the next four months that a unilateral British decision to divert there a quantity of wheat, which probably involves a reduction of about one-fifth in our wheat stocks, could hardly have been avoided, unless we were to discard responsibility for averting sheer starvation in the Zone. Britain has therefore given up an asset which she would in any case have had to forego; in exchange Mr. Morrison has obtained very large American promises. The Lord President has therefore struck a useful bargain, always provided—and it is, of course, a big proviso—that the U.S. Administration is able to live up to its promises.

Without a substantial contribution from Britain's prospective stocks, the American Government evidently was not prepared to do anything. Given, however, that sacrifice on our part, it has undertaken, not merely to equalise ration scales in its Zone and ours, but to maintain throughout the June-September period a minimum ration of 1,000 calories in the British Zone out of its own wheat resources. In addition, it has promised to dispatch to India within the same period an amount which should go a long way to ward off famine from India. Each of these promised consignments will amount to a quantity of wheat several times greater than that which we have ourselves agreed to divert to Germany.

From the British standpoint, of course, the fact has to be faced that, even if we may assume that the Americans make good their now reiterated guarantee to replace the 200,000 tons of wheat which we agreed to divert to Germany before our present contribution, our previously comfortable, but not excessive, level of wheat stocks will be reduced to a point involving a measure of risk in the event of even a temporary breakdown of future supplies. This being so, the British public may as well make up its mind to further economies in British wheat consumption—balanced, we may hope, by ampler supplies of some other foodstuffs. How long this austerity will have to endure depends largely on whether the Food and Agriculture Organisation, now meeting in Washington, will succeed in establishing an effective international authority to cope with a shortage which, Sir John Orr estimates, will extend at least until after the harvest of 1948. Admitting the present weakness of the Combined Food Board, whose status is purely advisory and persuasive, Mr. Hoover has suggested that a Food Administration should be set up by the United Nations to absorb the functions both of the Combined Food Board and of Unrra. He has expressed the opinion that, as soon as possible, world distribution of food and fertilisers should revert to "normal conditions" (meaning presumably those of private enterprise); but for the period of the crisis he apparently wants the new Administration to have plenary executive powers to buy and distribute.

As Sir John Orr has said, "peace cannot be built on a foundation of empty stomachs"; and experience so far suggests that world famine will not be averted over the next few years in the absence of an international authority empowered, not merely to investigate and plan, but to execute world food policy. But though empty stomachs are the strongest argument for the abatement of jealously guarded national sovereignties, it would be idle to ignore the difficulties of superimposing an effective international authority on nations, such as the U.S.A., which reject the whole idea of planning and control in their internal economy.

### Adjournment on Germany

After the inconclusive discussion at the tail-end of the Paris Conference, it seems likely that the adjournment of the key question of Germany will extend beyond the Foreign Ministers' next meeting in June. But though delays may suit the book of the Russians, whose policy with regard to the future of the Reich is likely to depend to some extent on the fortunes of the Socialist Unity Movement west of the Elbe, neither the British nor the Americans can easily afford to mark time, in the sense of adhering to two incompatibles—the Potsdam agreement on reparations and the maintenance of quadripartite Zonal barriers. Neither the British nor the American Zone is at present economically self-supporting; indeed, they are costing the Occupying Powers £80 million and $200 million a year, respectively. Mr. Hynd recently declared that it was the British intention to pursue the policy of quadripartite administration "so long as we find it practicable"; but Mr. Byrnes hinted broadly in Paris that, unless there were signs of an early inter-Allied agreement on the Reich as a whole, the process of dismantling factories, for dispatch as reparations, in the U.S. Zone would be unilaterally terminated. From that it is a comparatively short step to jettisoning Potsdam—to say nothing of Mr. Morgenthau—and building up the economy of Western Germany to a self-sufficient level.

Could it be done? Economically, it would be at best an imperfect solution: without the food-producing eastern provinces the western rump of the Reich would rest on an artificial and precarious basis. And such practical objections to the partition of Germany are reinforced by the arguments put forward by Mr. Gerald Barry in a letter which we publish on another page. Not alone in having foreseen the struggle for mastery over Germany in which Big Power rivalry is now crystallising, Mr. Barry rightly discerns the dangers in a partition which would lead to a competitive armaments race between the Ruhr and Silesia. What he fails to answer is the question what is to be done if profound suspicions between the Soviet Union and the Western democracies continue to make the establishment of a unitary Reich impossible.

Mr. Bevin is credited with a plan for a federal structure of States which could be applied either to Western Germany alone or to an integral Reich. In the Ruhr-Rhine State, industry would be completely socialised and its control placed in the hands of an international consortium. Whether the U.S.S.R. would be invited to participate in the control is not clear. In any event, it is difficult to see at present how a federal centre for Germany could be established.

If we have to accept a Reich permanently partitioned, the task of putting the economy of the Western half on a viable basis is going to call for material resources beyond the capacity of Britain alone; American co-operation is indispensable. But, apart from the evident desire of America to reduce military commitments in Germany as rapidly as possible, it is by no means certain that Congress would view with approbation the idea of American assistance being given to the reconstruction of Western Germany on Socialist lines. But no other solution will meet the case.

## Stalling on Palestine

The Government's invitation to the Jews and Arabs to present written comments on the Anglo-American Report is clearly designed to postpone an awkward decision for four more weeks. It is difficult to see what is gained by such obvious stalling. The committee was set a time limit of 120 days, owing to the extreme urgency of the problem. The report was handed to Mr. Bevin on April 20th. But since then, the pace has slowed down. It has taken the Cabinet just a month to decide to ask for Arab and Jewish comments. Four weeks have been allotted for their preparation. After June 20th no doubt will come aural consultation and so on through the summer. Meanwhile, American public opinion is influenced by suspicions of British trickery; the miserable inmates of the camps in Europe grow daily more desperate, and the Jews of Palestine can scarcely be restrained from violent protest. The Cabinet should realise that deliberate prevarication may cause more bloodshed in Palestine than a firm and quick decision. At the very least Mr. Attlee should make it clear that he has rejected the proposals of those civil and military advisers who regard the "cleaning-up" of the Palestinian Jews as a preliminary to a final settlement. We are confident that the Labour Government would not even consider such proposals. But ugly rumours are rife which should be quickly dispelled.

## Demobilising the Poles

The decision to bring back from Italy the portion, which appears to be very considerable, of General Anders' troops who refuse repatriation to Poland, is welcome in the sense that their presence in the Adriatic both perpetuated Yugoslav suspicions and represented an embarrassing element in the internal politics of Italy. On their arrival in this country they are to be disarmed, and those for whom immediate jobs are available will be demobilised. The rest will be retained in a Resettlement Corps, pending absorption. Some, no doubt, are trained miners, whose services Mr. Shinwell might be glad to utilise; but these can only represent a minute proportion, and the majority includes numbers whose political allegiance, to say the least of it, is highly dubious and who fought on the German side during the war. What is to happen to these survivors of the Poland of the Colonels? The possibility of their resettlement within the Commonwealth overseas might well be discussed between the British and Dominion Premiers; and there is a strong case for asking the United States to grant a special quota for Polish immigration. The danger is that when all possible steps in the way of overseas settlement have been taken, this country may be left with a hard core of unemployable irreconcilables.

## No Fifth International Yet

The meeting of Socialist parties at Clacton was a quiet and inconclusive affair. Most of the delegates, who have varying degrees of governmental responsibility and differing relations with their own Communist parties, were glad to follow the lead of the British delegation—which included Mr. Dalton, Mr. Bevan and Mr. Shinwell—and avoid practical decisions. The British delegates, whose opposition to a resurrection of the Second International is based partly on a desire not to be embarrassed by decisions of a strong central organisation, undertook to run an international information bureau at Transport House. The French, who feel that close links with other Socialist parties might strengthen their domestic position, were openly supported in this attitude only by a representative of the Canadian C.C.F. Similarly, an explicit proposal that German Social-Democrats should be allowed either to appear as observers or to present their case at the next meeting, in the autumn, was side-tracked, and the matter left to the discretion of each Socialist party. The most useful outcome of the meeting was the exchange of information about the position of Socialists in each country, given in the form of reports from each delegation. It was as well, perhaps, that no definite decisions were reached at the conference. As they were not required to take sides on resolutions, delegates could open their minds to each other more freely.

## The Universities

Nearly every university in Britain is now faced with the painful responsibility of choosing next year's students from a flood of applicants. Under the new directions from the Ministry of Labour, most of those admitted must be ex-Service men and women, although a university may keep up to a tenth of its places free for scholars and promising students straight from school. Even so, some colleges have had to resort to competitive entrance examinations. There are, of course, obvious disadvantages in this method of selection; but, in the circumstances, there may be no fair alternative. In any case, a large number of war veterans and a majority of would-be entrants from the schools must be excluded. Pressure is being still further relieved by increasing the proportion of students to staff—with the risk of a consequent deterioration of academic standards. Another method is not to accept male students (except the medically exempt) until they have completed their military service. This last course might anticipate the procedure to be adopted as long as conscription is with us, and would permit the acceptance of more women, who are liable to suffer greater hardship than men by a postponement—and possible abandonment—of their university career. It might also be possible for the Government to requisition suitable buildings in London to establish a temporary extra college which could draw upon the teaching staff of London and nearby universities. This expedient might be resisted by the university authorities, but it would be preferable to denying many ex-Service men and women any chance of higher education. Until the situation has considerably eased, the new system of financial aid for scholarship students and the proposed alterations in the character of the School and Higher School Certificates cannot operate to the best advantage. They are, however, welcome and overdue changes.

## The American Labour Disputes

The postponement of the American railroad strike was not unexpected; for it was always probable that Mr. Truman would step in at the last moment if no agreement were reached. He has enough on his hands in dealing with the miners, without facing a general railroad stoppage as well. As for the miners, the truce declared by Mr. Lewis has been incomplete, and the renewed negotiations have led to a further deadlock. Mr. Lewis, finding that his proposed welfare levy on all coal mined was likely to run up against constitutional rocks, substituted for it a proposal that the operators should pay into a welfare fund a levy on all wages paid. This was no mo acceptable than the earlier claim, the operato again objecting that the principle is one to settled for industry as a whole, and by legislatio and not for a single industry by trade unio bargaining. The fortnight is now running ou and what will happen when it ends nobody know President Truman has decided to take over th mines; but nobody knows on what terms th miners will agree to work them, or what the President can do next if they refuse. Congress is sti busy with projects of anti-strike legislation; bu a good many Congressmen are shy of committin themselves, in an election year, to a head-o clash with organised labour. Consequently, th confusion continues, and indeed is likely t continue, however the miners' and railroadmen' disputes end, at least until a new Congress ha been chosen.

## The Mining Crisis

The coal crisis in this country is as bad as ever though most people are less aware of it a summer approaches. There has indeed been small short-term improvement in the positio with the return of men from the Forces. Bu this source will not yield many more recruits, and the industry will continue to be depleted at a rapid rate by retirements. Mr. Shinwell's latest appeal to the Mineworkers' Union refers to a prospective deficit of ten million tons by this time next year; and there is already talk of coming cuts in domestic fuel, including gas and electricity, in order to avert a breakdown of the industrial recovery programme, with the prospect of having unemployment following on a failure of fuel supplies. So far, the shortage of coal has been advanced as a reason for not granting the miners' demand for a five-day working week and a second week's holiday with pay. Mr. Shinwell has said that he is in favour of these claims, but has asked for an increase in output before they are conceded. The miners' leaders, on the other hand, have argued that the granting of their "Charter" is the surest way to reduce absenteeism and to persuade the men to put their backs into the job. Two days' rest at the week-end, they say, would put the miner in trim to do a good week's work, especially if it were combined with concessions in the matter of food. It would also undoubtedly make coal-mining more attractive to new recruits, as it must be made if the crisis is to be overcome. It is said that the Government is now, on these grounds, changing its mind, and preparing to give the miners what they ask. Such a decision would be right; for the nation is in the miners' hands, and only they can give it the coal without which a real economic recovery cannot be made.

## Empire Trade

This week the Government and the Dominion Prime Ministers have begun to tackle the problem of Empire trade relations. This subject is to be finally dealt with later in the year at a special meeting of Ministers of Trade and Commerce; but the general issues need discussion at a higher level. In connection with the American loan agreement, the British Government has committed itself on paper to support the United States' demand not merely for reduction but for complete elimination of tariff preferences; but the Dominions are in no way committed to this policy, or to the further commitment not to use either quotas or bulk buying as means of discrimination in favour of Empire countries. The commitment, it is argued, even on the part of Great Britain, though definite, is conditional on substantial but so far unspecified reductions in American tariff rates; and the question now to be discussed among the Dominion leaders is what they are prepared to accept in the matter of reduced or rescinded tariff preferences and quotas in return for tariff concessions on the American side. Great Britain, having signed the American "Trade Proposals" attached as a condition to the Loan Agreement, will not be able to take a leading part in any move to save Empire or other "discriminations." But the Dominions' hands are not tied; and they can make any running they please at the proposed International Trade Conference, which has now been put off until next year. We hope the advantages of arrangements for bulk purchases and sales between the Dominions and Great Britain will receive full consideration; and we are sure the delegates will not be unmindful of the fact that the United States has just followed up its whole-hogging attack on British preferences by granting a preference of its own to the Philippines.

## PARLIAMENT: Coal Glut

*Wednesday*

Lenin is reputed to have remarked on a famous occasion that electrification plus Soviets equalled Socialism; and the outside observer might well be forgiven for supposing that British Social-Democracy and coal bear the same relation. Perhaps, indeed, they do. At all events, wherever else there may be a shortage of coal, the House of Commons has had a surfeit of it in recent weeks. None the less, weary of the subject though most Members were, few were entirely unmoved by the occasion of the third reading of the Coal Bill on Monday. It was something symbolic in the life of British Socialism. Subsequent generations, however, will judge this measure not on the arguments which have been adduced during the passage of the Bill, but on the quality of administration in the future. It was clear that consciousness of this lay behind almost every speech.

The Opposition argument was that the Bill, however well-intentioned it might be, would never work; the Government replied that it would work and that anyway everything else had already failed and this was our only hope. Shinwell and Gaitskell led for the Government, MacMillan and Gwilym Lloyd George for the Opposition. There is little worth recording about their speeches. Gaitskell treated the Tories like a stimulating and very charming lecturer from the London School of Economics paying a visit to the sixth form of a good public school. Shinwell showed impressive, and perhaps real, emotion in expressing his determination to win the confidence of the miner, and make a success of his great task. Lloyd George demonstrated that, while charm may be handed from father to son, genius usually skips a generation.

The most genuine speeches came from the miner Members. Tom Smith (Normanton), Hubbard (Kirkaldy), Grey (Durham) and Glanville (Consett) all welcomed the Bill in simple, moving terms which gave the rest of us some idea of what this Bill means to the men who hew the coal. Nobody could pretend that it was a great debate—third readings seldom are—but it was an impressive occasion.

Point for those who are anxious about the pressure at which Parliament is working: at 5.35 p.m. on Monday during Lloyd George's speech moving the rejection of the Bill from the Opposition Front Bench there were present—11 Tories, 2 Lib. Nats., 2 Liberals, 1 Communist, 32 Socialists.

On Tuesday, Dalton nationalised Cables and Wireless with a metaphorical flick of the wrist. The Tories stirred uneasily but never really woke up. Dalton has a complete mastery of the House at present and has shown great parliamentary stature in measuring up to his responsibilities. At present he is at the top of his form and is performing like a batsman racing for a thousand runs in May. In the last Parliament he had the reputation of being dull and didactic. But no Minister is listened to more gladly nowadays, and on the less important occasions he shows a rare sense of comedy. His dismemberment of Bracken—a straw man if ever there was one—on the second reading of the Finance Bill last week, will long be remembered by those who heard it. There is a Rabelaisian gusto about the Chancellor's approach to his enemies, which greatly adds to the House's enjoyment of their discomfiture. Phineas Tertius

*Apologies are due to readers who had to wait for their copy of last week's NEW STATESMAN & NATION as a result of a mechanical hitch.*

# POWER, AND MAN-POWER

Last week the Government launched a voluntary recruitment campaign for the three fighting Services, and Mr. Lawson said he hoped soon to announce the conditions that are to apply to men who are compulsorily called up. The Government naturally desire as many volunteers as possible so that less compulsion will be necessary. Indeed, compulsion, on any scale that public opinion would now accept, can play only a secondary part in securing the numbers required for the Services. The population statistics are enough to make that plain. At the beginning of this year, the age-group 15–19, for the United Kingdom as a whole, included 1,375,000 persons, or under 350,000 a year all told. How many of these it would be possible actually to call up, after due allowance for exemptions on health and other grounds, it is not possible to say; but the figure is clearly well under 300,000. Thus, a full two years of compulsory service would yield less than half the man-power which the Government proposes to have still under arms at the end of this year. And will the country be prepared to accept anything like this length of service? One year is about the most that can be afforded without serious interruption to civil careers, and to higher education—or, say, one year supplemented by short periods of training later. But from the standpoint of the Services, one year is regarded as thoroughly unsatisfactory, because for at least half of it the entrant must be treated as a new recruit under training, rather than as an effective member of the Service to which he has been assigned.

This leads to the question whether it would not be best to fall back entirely on voluntary recruitment. It is generally recognised that, whether we have compulsory service or not, the conditions in the armed forces will have to be made immensely better than they have been in the past, not only in terms of pay and conditions, but also in respect of training for subsequent civil careers. It is also recognised that large provision will have to be made in any case for short service, as well as for long service, enlistments. Why not rely entirely on the inducements offered by better conditions and the possibility of shorter periods of service?

The answer to this question of course depends on the number of men it is proposed to keep under arms. So far, nothing has been decided about this—or, at all events, nothing has been made public—beyond the target figure of 1,200,000 for the end of 1946, with another 500,000 in the industries making munitions. Clearly, unless the inducements were to be put impossibly high, nothing approaching 1,200,000 men would be persuaded to serve voluntarily. Before 1939, in face of heavy and sustained unemployment, which did not spare youths of the most recruitable age, the total voluntary intake did not exceed half a million. With labour likely to be short enough to leave few young men in any difficulty about finding jobs, it cannot be easy to raise the number of voluntary enlistments much, if at all, above the pre-war level. What then?

Two, or even three, years' compulsory service, say the traditionalists, who are still thinking in terms of the far-flung defence of a British Empire that has certainly become a good deal more difficult to defend—if defence is to be by armed forces encamped over a large part of the world. If the problem is approached from this angle, or instead from any angle which begins by adding up "commitments" in order to arrive at a total for the armed forces, the plain conclusion that emerges is that we must have a far larger number of men under arms, and producing arms, than we can possibly spare without a disastrous weakening of our economic effort and a consequent fall in our standards of life. Mr. Cole, in his recent pamphlet on *Labour's Foreign Policy*, attempted to show by a simple essay in arithmetic that armed forces of 1,200,000 would leave a net shortage of at least half a million men in industry, without making any allowance for an expansion of manufactures to meet the needs of an export trade raised by 75 per cent., or any increase in home demand.

The answer in terms of existing "commitments" makes nonsense. We have not the men. The problem must be answered the other way round, by deciding how many men we can spare without crippling economic recovery, and then by cutting our commitments to match. But evidently what we cannot possibly do is at the same time to limit our commitments and to act on the assumption that we may at any time be called upon to defend not only the British Empire but also any threatened British sphere of influence anywhere. No such policy makes sense, in face of the limits of our resources. We cannot keep vast armies and vast supply bases in the Far and Middle East, and vast reserves at home ready to back them up; and we must either succeed in coming to terms with the Soviet Union—now the only potential enemy in the minds of the Chiefs of Staff—or expect to suffer at the Soviet Union's hands a perpetual war of nerves in which we shall always, in the last resort, be compelled to give way.

The Middle East is evidently, for the present, the key area. Mr. Attlee's Government has shown not only excellent good sense, but a power to recognise inescapable facts, in promising to evacuate Egypt; but that decision will be entirely stultified if the next step is to hunt up bases for the keeping of equivalent forces elsewhere. Nobody in his senses can suppose that huge forces are needed in order to terrorise the Arab States, as such: they can be needed only for keeping Soviet influence out of the Eastern Mediterranean and the Middle East. They will not succeed in keeping it out; for armies cannot stop propaganda. There is only one solution of the problem of the Middle East that can do us any good. We must reach a real understanding with the U.S.S.R. and with the Americans. Without such an understanding, the present uneasy alliance between British military forces and American finance capital—which is already a major factor in the area—can only force the Russians into defending themselves by embroiling the Arabs against us. We should find ourselves committed to maintaining far larger forces in the Middle East than we could afford. The Americans would become even more deeply involved in oil politics, but no more willing to accept political or military responsibility, while the Arabs would be driven against their will into a marriage of expediency with Soviet Communism.

An opportunity will soon present itself for attempting to reach such a Middle Eastern agreement. It is almost certain that the Palestine issue will soon be brought before Uno. If, working with the Americans, we demand that Palestine be considered within the broader framework of the Middle East, and indicate to the Russians that we are not treating it as an exclusive Western affair, there is no reason to believe that the solution by Uno of the Palestine question might not lead on to a wider agreement between the three Powers.

But, it will be asked, how are we to get agreement with the Soviet Union in its present mood? As far as this article is concerned, no general answer can be attempted; but it is pertinent to point out, first, that both the U.S.S.R. and Britain know that sooner or later an agreement is the only alternative to final catastrophe; secondly, that there is a far better chance of agreement in the Middle East than in Europe; and thirdly, that we are unlikely to get agreement as long as our military policy appears to be one of arming beyond our strength in order to resist possible Soviet aggression. Under such circumstances, as Turkey is finding out in the war of nerves which she is suffering from to-day, success goes to the side that can afford to let most man-power run to waste.

# THE INDIAN SETTLEMENT

ALL the world has paid its tribute to the good work of the Cabinet Mission to India. But only on the spot is it possible to realise how desperate is the problem they had to solve. Sceptism about British motives was as bitter as it was universal. It continued even after Mr. Attlee made his unequivocal offer of independence. Never before has an Empire made a spontaneous surrender of power to a subject people. Indians were startled and impressed, but at once their subtle minds went to work to discover hidden reasons that accounted for the miracle. Slowly, as weeks of patient consultation went on, the atmosphere improved, but it was hard to guess how the feud between the two communities could be overcome. Sending the Mission was an act of imaginative statesmanship, its three members being worthy of the honour their colleagues did them. It is not too soon to say that the work of these three men will rank among the biggest things in British history.

No one was surprised that the effort to achieve settlement by consent ended at the second Simla Conference in partial failure. What was surprising was the success of the Mission in narrowing the gap between Congress and the League, which it could not completely close. Each side conceded so much that, when the Mission propounded its own solution, it looked like the natural and logical conclusion to the triangular debate. Indians dislike the idea that an outside power should give an "award" for the settlement of their internal problems.

The decisive consideration that led the Mission to reject the Moslem scheme for the division of India into two separate and independent States was military. Here they had the advantage of the advice of Sir Claude Auchinleck, who has won wide popularity among Indians. Since the Viceroy is also a great soldier whom the Indians have learned to respect, their opinion carried its full weight. From the standpoint of strategy, Pakistan was an impossible conception. Both of India's vulnerable frontiers would have fallen to its charge, and it had neither financial resources nor industrial potential to defend them. Apart from this, seven hundred miles of solidly Hindu territory lie between the two groups of Moslem provinces. The positive conclusion followed at once that the safety of India called for the preservation of its unity, at least in the field of defence and foreign relations. So much in the end Jinnah conceded at Simla. Another fact, however, is equally decisive. In all his talks with Moslems, the Englishman in India has to realise how deeply the sense of their own backwardness has bitten into their consciousness. They fear not merely the superior numbers of the Hindus; they dread their ascendancy of majority in industry and finance. The classification of men according to their religious beliefs is obsolete and irrelevant in the modern world. It is their interests as peasants or landlords, workers or employers, borrowers or lenders, that really shape the politics of the Indian province. Living side by side, Hindu and Moslem villagers have precisely the same needs—more water for irrigation; more schools and dispensaries; freedom from the yoke of the landlord and moneylender. All this is obscured to-day by the belief of the Moslem middle-class that it stands in need of protection from the numbers, relative opulence and better education of its rivals. This was the real basis of its demand for separation. The offer of provincial autonomy was not enough, for Moslems have their ambitions as well as their fears.

The Mission has tried to meet the League in two ways. First, it has cut down subjects with which the Indian Union will deal to the barest minimum. It cannot touch social or cultural questions nor, since the fears of the Moslems are largely economic, can it deal with planning. For these purposes the Mission proposes that the Provinces may form federal groups within the framework of the Indian Union. In this modified form the essence of Pakistan may be realised without injury to the safety of the Peninsula. Two predominantly Moslem groups will come into being in the North-West and North-East, while the rest of the country may come together as Hindustan. Each of these three groups may organise its economic life in its own way and develop its own traditional culture.

The Indian Union will be rather less limited in its scope than it looked at first glance. It will necessarily deal with communications as well as defence and foreign affairs. The latter subject cannot be divorced from economic policy and the relations of India as creditor and debtor with the outside world. It will have to meet its expenses whether by taxation or by contributions drawn from provinces and states. Rather casually the Mission assigned an important duty to the Federal Court. This implies that the Union must recognise the common system of law. A Charter of Rights is also suggested for its attention. It is determined that the Union shall be a democracy endowed with a legislature as well as an executive. In this it ran counter to the view that Jinnah maintained at Simla. To provide no popular check over the Executive which will manage the army and nationalised railways, as well as the whole range of foreign affairs, would have been intolerable. But how in this case are the Moslems to be insured against a three-to-one superiority of Hindus? The familiar answer, which many Indians had come to accept with reluctance, was that an artificial system of parity must be adopted. In plain words, the representation of the Hindus must be pared down to equality with the Moslem contingent. That would have bred a heavy sense of grievance. The Mission's alternative is as ingenious as it is just. For a decision of any question that raises a "major communal issue," a majority of representatives of both communities is required. This plan has its dangers, but it is better than parity. It might be so abused as to give a minority veto over every matter of importance. The future of democracy in India depends on the rapid decay of the acute communal consciousness that prevails to-day chiefly among Muslims. Unless that happens, no constitution, however ingenious, will work happily.

The next thorny issue the Mission had to decide turned on the territorial limits of the three groups of provinces. Three of the six provinces which Mr. Jinnah claimed raise an acute controversy. The Moslem majority in the Punjab and Bengal is very small, while Assam has a Hindu majority. One way out was to redraw frontiers of all three. But the Bengalis have a strong consciousness of their unity, while in the Punjab the Sikhs are so scattered that no clean partition would be possible. In the case of Bengal its eastern Muslim half is so poor that it could not live as a distinct political entity if it were to lose the great Hindu Port of Calcutta and the industrial region in the west. The Mission proposes, therefore, that representatives of the undivided provinces shall meet together in groups as sections of the Constituent Assembly. They may decide that they do not wish to form a group. This may conceivably happen in the case of the North-eastern group (Bengal and Assam). It will have only thirty-six Moslem representatives against thirty-four Non-Moslems. Chosen by proportional representation it is probable that two of the Muslims may be opponents of the Pakistan idea. In any event, it is likely that Assam and the North-west Frontier, both of them Congress Provinces, will at a later stage use their right to withdraw from their groups. That is not a happy prospect for either of them, for it would leave them as geographically isolated fragments, remote from the main bulk of Hindustan. The Mission had before it nothing better than a choice of evils.

How will this rather complicated pattern work? The ends of safety have been secured. The union will have its single army under a diminishing number of British officers, subject to hot pressure for the speeding up of the slow process of Indianisation. But the test that comes first for most of us is whether this scheme will make it easier for Indians to grapple with their desperate problems of poverty. Psychologically it will do much, for it will lift from every Indian's mind the sense of impotence and frustration that are the worst evils of foreign rule. Another political consequence will follow when once independence is securely achieved and the Constitution adopted. Congress will inevitably break up into its elements —a vigorous Socialist group with its Peasant wing, a Conservative group, and perhaps a progressive Capitalist group. The struggle against the entrenched interests, above all landed interests, postponed till freedom was won, will now begin in earnest. The same process will go forward more slowly in Muslim regions and feudal States. The battlefield will be mainly in provinces, which are units chiefly concerned with social legislation.

But India stands in need of more than this. The expansion of her industries and utilisation of her minerals and hydro-electric energy, taming of her rivers on the Tennessee Valley model—all this ought to be planned on a peninsular scale. From this standpoint, the limitations imposed by Muslim fears on the scope of the Indian Union are a major disaster. The provinces are often particularist in their outlook, and some of the States are parochial. There ought to be a centre strong enough to overrule and co-ordinate all their plans. This will be lacking. But Hindustan at least is a vast area which will have within its boundaries resources enough to inspire a coherent and ambitious plan. The aim of Congress is to give it a strong centre. The chief obstacle will be in the fact that its territory is intersected by States. It may absorb the smaller of them, but the bigger States are unlikely to join it at an early stage, though all of them will enter the Indian Union. This means that any economic plan which touches their rivers or mineral resources will be subject to the tedious progress of the negotiation. There will be no single authority to drive it through to success. But technical difficulties of this kind will be overcome if independence brings, as it should, powerful stimulus to the will and imagination of the Indian people. I must end on a note of caution, for at the moment of writing I don't yet know how far the Moslem League will go in their co-operation, nor how the Interim Government will be composed. Public opinion crystallises slowly in India. The shadow of famine hangs over her and she is in no mood to rejoice. But I think she knows that the Mission's compromise is as just as it is masterly.

New Delhi. H. N. BRAILSFORD

## THIS ENGLAND

**A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to John W. Griggs.**

**Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.**

The Snail Watching Society has been formed since the war: it has about 60 members, who include stockbrokers, lawyers, sailors, soldiers. They indulge in snail-watching for its own sake, regarding it as the perfect form of relaxation.—*Evening News.*

Does a woman fulfil ecclesiastical requirements by wearing a gaudy scarf in church?

Yes; but we agree with you that a design which depicts "Stalin with a map of Russia as a background" is hardly in the best of taste.—Answer to reader's questions, *Catholic Herald.*

"One of the main reasons why London hospitals gave up having women students," he declared, "was because they could not get enough students for a good Rugby football team.

My own hospital, Charing Cross, turned out women students because we could not get a Rugby team."—*Daily Mail.*

A woman is reported to have asked a Peterborough policeman the way to the Black Market. She said her husband told her that was the only place where she could get the things she required.—*Lincolnshire, Boston and Spalding Free Press.*

# A LONDON DIARY

FRIEND recently doing an official job in the ussian Zone of Germany reports to me a typical d revealing incident. He was with a couple of ritish soldiers when an elderly German asked em for bread. The Russian soldier from zbekistan waved the man away with his rifle. hen the man refused to go he hit him in the omach with the butt end. The British soldiers ere angry and wanted to intervene. The Russian ent off; the British took the old man away and ve him a meal. My friend took the matter up ith Russian officers in the evening. As usual, ey were intelligent, highly educated and reasonble men. They agreed that such behaviour by ussian soldiers was discreditable to the Soviet nion. And then they added this explanation: ix million Russian soldiers had been killed in e war; most of them "Western Russians," ith whose blood, they said, the soil of Eastern urope and the Ukraine was drenched. The ccupying troops came from Central Asia and d not had the chance of acquiring the habits of ritish gentlemen. "If the British had lost nything like the proportion of their army that e have lost of ours," they said, "Germany would ow be occupied by coloured levies. And they ould not behave like British gentlemen either."

* * *

In the recent debate on the Control commission, ohn Hynd once again explained the retention f Nazis in key positions on the ground that fficient replacements are difficult to find. This ay sometimes be the case, but I have my doubts. his week, for instance, I received a letter from distinguished Social-Democrat, Ernst Reuter. or many years, Reuter was the head of the ransport division of the Berlin Magistrat, and rom 1931 to 1933 he was Oberbürgermeister f Magdeburg. After two terms of concentraion camp he escaped from Germany with the elp of British Quakers and was soon offered a igh position by the Turkish Government. In act, he is now professor of city administration t the High School for Political Science at Ankara nd employed as an expert adviser by the Turkish inistry of Communications. British friends ave pressed his claims on Labour Ministers, ut Ernst Reuter still remains in Turkey. "Since I am living here under extremely good material conditions," he writes, "in a country which was not disturbed by war, one can hardly say that my wish to return is inspired by selfish interest. With all the reluctance which I have to show before making such a statement, I must say that it is very difficult to understand why the British authorities do not want to make use of such services as mine." I wish that I could believe that Reuter's is an isolated case. But it is not. I cannot help recalling the plight of the "white" prisoners of war both here and in the Middle East; that is to say, those prisoners of whose real anti-Nazi convictions a careful series of investigations has left no doubt at all. A year after the German surrender a large number of them are still kept here and in Egypt, despite their expressed willingness to return to Germany and despite the fact also that large numbers of prisoners with no anti-Nazi convictions are being sent back.

* * *

After all these years, we have official confirmation from Washington that, after the last war, the Allies used food as a political weapon to combat Communism in Europe. The documents show how Mr. Hoover promised Hungary food if Bela Kun's Communist government was overthrown and how the Allies waived their demand for the surrender of German war criminals for fear too much pressure might end in the displacement of the moderate politicians by the Spartacists. (This story was told in detail in these columns by Mr. Brailsford, Jan. 8, 1944.) The State Department has surely chosen a most peculiar moment to admit all this. If it is intended as a warning to Poland and other countries in Europe, it could scarcely have been done more clumsily.

* * *

I have in front of me a pamphlet called *Truth and the Catholic Schools* (Barnicotts Ltd., The Wessex Press, Taunton). It contains the correspondence between John V. Simcox, who was for twenty-three years Professor of Canon Law at St. Edmund's College, Ware, and various Catholic luminaries, some of whose letters are summarised because they were unwilling to have them published in full. The gist of the story is contained in a letter from Fr. Simcox to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION (March 17th, 1945), with which this pamphlet begins. The upshot is quite plain. Father Simcox was shocked to find that, in fighting to get as much money as possible for Catholic schools, the high ecclesiasts of his Church pretended that they believed in the right of parents to have their children taught heresy. He summarises the point in a letter to the *Catholic Herald*:

> If you are correct in thinking that there can never be a right to teach error or to have it taught, it seems a pity that we Catholics, when advocating parental religious rights in educational matters, have not made it more plain that we believe, not in parental rights in general, but only in Catholic parental rights.

The amusement and interest of the pamphlet lie in the evasions and subterfuges of the *Catholic Herald*, Cardinal Hinsley, Canon Mahoney, and others, none of whom answer his accusation, and all of whom are angry that he should expose the nature of Catholic tactics. Father Simcox is sure that he has the true doctrine of the Church on his side when he writes:

> The question between the Archbishop and Canon Mahoney on one side and me on the other is not the question of Authority versus Conscience but of Authority versus Truth. May I ask whether you hold with them that Catholicism ranks Authority above Truth? I am quite sure that it does not; and, if it did, I would not be a Catholic. Would you?
>
> Do you consider that you can impose obligations on a man in the name of a religion whose nature and tenets you refuse to disclose to him? That is what has happened in my case. It comes to this—that I am asked to belong to a secret society. Do you believe Catholicism to be a secret society?

* * *

The vote against the New Town of Stevenage has obviously disappointed the newspapers and local organisers who hoped to show that the people were solid against Mr. Silkin. They won a majority of the unofficial poll, but some press comments reveal the truth. Take this passage from the *Daily Telegraph*:

> There was some surprise at the number of people who voted for Mr. Silkin's plan. It is believed that many Socialist supporters made the referendum a party issue, and voted blindly for that reason.

In fact the agitation against the Government was organised and the support was not. Obviously any New Town involves some inconvenience to some existing residents, whose interests, as Mr. Silkin said, may have lesser claim to consideration than those of people from overcrowded areas who must have new homes. No doubt there is a party division involved in the principle of public versus private interest. To understand this seems to the *Telegraph's* correspondent to vote blindly. So the open-eyed property holder will vote, disinterestedly, for slums, ribbon development and no New Towns!

* * *

I hear there is a brisk demand, especially among M.P.s, for the new brochure on Bulgaria (issued by the Union of Democratic Control, 34 Victoria Street, S.W.1. Price 6*d*.). I am not surprised, for I know of no other up-to-date, factual analysis of Bulgarian parties and forces. Like the U.D.C. series on the Resistance Movement in European countries during the war, this document is the result of the most careful sifting of evidence supplied by British experts and representatives of the nation concerned. It is mainly factual, but among its few comments is a suggestion that British Labour might help to "overcome the present difficulties between the two sections of the Socialist movement in Bulgaria." I notice that the organisers of last week's International conference at Clacton gave up the idea in despair and issued no invitation to Bulgarian Socialists.

* * *

Every time I hear the appalling figures of road casualties I say to myself, in my dual capacity as motorist and pedestrian: "Every motorist should regard every pedestrian as a suicidal lunatic, and every pedestrian should assume that every motorist is a homicidal maniac." But since the pedestrian is so much less likely to survive a clash between the two, it is right that the blame for accidents should fall primarily upon the motorist. He is armed with a lethal weapon insufficiently under control. Magistrates, themselves coming from the motorist class, knowing how easy it is to have an accident and how innocent of any evil intent most motorists are, tend, I think, to take too light a view of motoring offences. It must somehow be pushed into the heads of motorists that to drive in any than the most careful possible way, is not a venial and technical offence, but a serious crime. I hear that in Manitoba the penalty for dangerous driving is a week or more imprisonment without any option. As a result, I am told, driving is less dangerous and the local prisons less bad than in most places because so many leading citizens at one time or another find their way there. A good way of killing two birds with one stone.

CRITIC

## THREE LITTLE PIGS

Pigs wearing U.S. Navy flashproof uniforms will be used on warships for the Atom Bomb Test.—News Item.

THREE little sailor pigs are we,
Cruising the wide Pacific,
With a ringside seat in the Atom Fleet
On a mission scientific.
Three jolly hogs in Navy togs,
We sail with the atom smashers,
A pig that's drilled will never be grilled,
We'll never be bacon rashers.

Some little pigs make sausage,
Some little pigs make Spam,
But we plucky pigs
Are three lucky pigs,
Picked out for Uncle Sam.
We've waved bye-bye to the old home sty,
To sucking pig and sow,
Three jolly gobs on national jobs,
We're in the Navy now.

Three chubby pigs all fine and fit,
The Navy don't want skinny pigs,
There's pigs on slabs and pigs in labs,
But we ain't classed as guinea pigs.
We won't give a damn when the bomb goes
*Wham!*
We'll stick to action stations,
There's a thing or two only pigs can do
In Atom operations.

Three sailor pigs in flashproof suits,
Three Navy pigs in clover,
We busy guys
Will be dizzy guys
When the A-Bomb test is over.
The back room boys want pigs with poise
So we're out with the A-bomb crew,
And here we go with a yo ho ho,
Three little pigs in blue.

SAGITTARIUS

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# CANADIAN LAW AND ESPIONAGE

*(This article is a discussion of the procedure adopted in bringing to trial the persons recently accused of espionage in Canada. It is not concerned with the merits of the case.)*

A GOOD spy story is always front page news, especially if it arouses political prejudices. If, however, elementary civil liberties are to be preserved, it is essential that responsible administrations should not surrender to popular feeling. It is regrettable that, in the recent espionage investigations, the Government of Canada has allowed itself to be carried away on a wave of public hysteria, to which its own announcements made a considerable contribution.

On February 15th, Mr. Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister, revealed that confidential information had been given to unauthorised persons and that two members of the Canadian Supreme Court were to act as Royal Commissioners to hear evidence and present a report. Information which was already available, he said, was sufficiently serious to justify the interrogation and detention of suspects:

> It is the intention of the Government that, after the report of the Royal Commissioners has been received, prosecution will be instituted in cases in which the evidence warrants it . . . Until the investigation of the Royal Commissioners has been completed, the case remains *sub judice*.

In normal legal usage, when a case ceases to be *sub judice*, it becomes *res judicata* (a decided case): the effect of Mr. Mackenzie King's words was thus to suggest that the case would be *res judicata* before the prisoners' trial began. It may well be that Mr. King did not intend this implication; but, in fact, the procedure adopted by the Canadian Government led to this very situation. Before ever the prisoners could appear before a jury, they had in effect been tried and found guilty by two Justices of the Dominion's highest court.

The Royal Commissioners were appointed on February 5th, by an Order in Council (P.C. 411) made under a section of the Inquiries Act of 1937. Later, on March 19th, Mr. Arthur Smith contended in the Canadian Parliament that this Order gave the Commissioners terms of reference beyond the powers of the 1937 Act, "which was never intended to track down spies."

It was only on February 27th, 1946, that the Canadian press published the Order in Council (P.C. 6444) under which the accused were detained. It was alleged to have been passed at a meeting of the Privy Council in October, 1945, some months after the war had ended. Two months after that, in December, the Minister of Justice had denied that any secret Orders were extant. Taxed with this denial after P.C. 6444 had been published, he said he had forgotten about P.C. 6444, which, according to Mr. Diefenbaker, a Member of Parliament, "did more to sweep aside the rights of individuals than any Order in Council passed in the history of Canada."

P.C. 6444 was an extraordinary document. It gave the Government power to interrogate or detain, "in such places and under such conditions" as they please, any person who had to be prevented from communicating secret information to foreign agents or acting in any manner prejudicial to the safety of the State. Persons thus detained "shall be deemed to be in legal custody." And, finally, it gave wide powers of search and seizure to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police if they had reason to suspect evidence of espionage.

This Order went beyond anything adopted in any self-governing part of the Empire during the war in that it gives power to interrogate as well as to detain, yet discards the safeguards incorporated in wartime legislation, such as the establishment of the Advisory Committee in this country. It also gave power to detain to prevent individuals from revealing information. In the present cases, however, it has been used primarily for investigating activities that had already occurred. Even if the use of P.C. 6444 was not *ultra vires*, as might be contended, a new departure was involved in the Executive's use of the power of detention without charge or trial as an important step in the institution of criminal proceedings, and, in particular, in the extraction of information from detainees for subsequent use against them in prosecutions. As might be expected, the search and seizure powers conferred on the police resulted in fantastic excesses of zeal; one policeman, for example, considered that share certificates, *Hansard* and a copy of the Basic Writings of Freud were evidence "that secret information had been communicated" to foreign agents.

These wide powers were exercised in the most disquieting manner. On February 15th, thirteen people were arrested under P.C. 6444, four months, that is, after the Order was made, but twelve days before it was published. As to the conditions of detention, one of those arrested, Captain Lunan, testified in court that, except for the last two nights, lamps were kept burning twenty-four hours on end in the room where he was detained. "When I asked for Counsel, Inspector Harvison said the proceedings were extraordinary, but I could do nothing about it." The prisoners were detained and interrogated without access to legal advice or their friends. For two and a half weeks after arrest, they were not even allowed to see their wives. Even then, wives had to swear not to reveal anything learnt from husbands. One prisoner wrote that he had not been allowed to see the Order under which he had been arrested, and had not been told what allegations had been made against him.

The relevant sections of the 1937 Act provide that, up to a point, permission for a prisoner to be represented by Counsel is discretionary, but that "no report shall be made against any person" until he has been allowed access to Counsel. The Commissioners strictly interpreted this to mean that lawyers were refused access to their clients during the period they were detained and until after they had been examined under oath. When, at the end of his examination, Captain Lunan asked if he could now obtain legal assistance, one of the Commissioners replied: "I do not know what good Counsel would be to you now," and their joint report declares that, after the examination, none of the first four suspects interrogated availed themselves of the opportunity of legal representation. This position was later confirmed by the Minister of Justice.

On March 13th, Mr. Cartwright, Counsel for one of the accused, said: "Demands for representation by Counsel have been ignored by the police and by the Royal Commission. Apparently no opportunity has been given accused to cross-examine witnesses giving evidence against them before the Commission. An oath has been demanded that the accused will keep secret the proceedings before the Commission, With regard to the last item, I have requested the Crown Prosecutors to refer me to any authority for the exacting of this oath. They have referred me to the Inquiries Act, which does not anywhere authorise such an oath."

The Royal Commission reported on the thirteen persons detained under P.C. 6444 in three reports, published at fortnightly intervals in March. If the authorities desired to secure a fair trial, it is very difficult to understand why these reports were published before the trials, and above all, why the accused were mentioned by name. Take, for instance, this passage from the first report: "The evidence established that four persons, namely, Mrs. Emma Woikin, Captain Gordon Lunan, Edward Wilfrid Mazerall, Miss Kathleen Mary Willshire . . . have communicated directly or indirectly secret and confidential information to representatives of the U.S.S.R." Similar examples can be found in the second report, and in the third we read that the refusal of Halperin "to furnish any explanation and his general demeanour fully convince us that he violated the Official Secrets Act."

We have already seen that the apparent implication of Mr. King's statement on February 15th was that, after delivery of the Commissio report and before the legal trial, the verdict wa foregone conclusion. After the publication these opinions by two judges of the Supre Court, following what purported to be a thorou and impartial investigation, can it seriously argued that the accused would receive unpr judiced trial?

The redeeming features of this sorry aff have been the stalwart independence of som members of the Canadian Parliament and t Canadian Bar and the liberal attitude of p of the press. The *Toronto Star* commented March 23rd: "It is a terrible injustice to who have so been detained. It is repugnant all the principles of justice." Earlier in th month, the *Ottawa Journal* had said: "Secr laws; secret orders for arrest; police visit tions before dawn; mistakes in identity; anony mous prisoners—these things have been justifie to us on the ground of the security of the State." And in the *Fortnightly Law Journal of Toront* Mr. R. M. Willes Chitty wrote:

> The shadow of fear lengthens across the countr as the hand of the political police reaches out snatch men and women from their homes into th concentration camp, uncharged and unaccused, be held *incommunicado* for inquisition, and perhap worse, without the benefit of Counsel and denie the cherished right of Habeas Corpus, the age-ol remedy designed to prevent this very thing.

In time of peace, without advancing an adequate reason, the Canadian Governmen panicked into a procedure which strikes at th root of individual liberty. When such thing happen, the voice of protest must be vigorous.

# EDUCATION IN GERMANY

*(Continued)*

WHAT are the German children and youths lik in various strata and age-groups? As for young children, almost up to the age of puberty, eve our most optimistic estimates have been surpasse by reality. With them, Hitlerism is less tha skin-deep, and the very young are already forgetting it. So far as the most dangerous age-group, from the late 'teens to the late twenties is concerned, our most pessimistic forecasts hav come hardly up to the grim reality; here is indeed "the lost generation." The intermediate group —the boys and girls between 14 and 18—is interesting and difficult; important, because they are close enough to maturity to count in the nea future; hopeful, because they are still flexible enough to yield to good influence; and dangerous because they include a substantial percentage o uprooted and wayward youth.

As to the very young, many have already forgotten the Führer they were taught to love a year or two ago. They have got excellent new picture-books and primers; and, though in every Zone there are still far too few such books, the good effect of giving the children new interests is already noticeable. But the most remarkable thing everywhere is the extraordinary eagerness of the children to go to school. This is simply due to the fact that for a year or two, until the schools were reopened, they had very little or no schooling at all. Such eagerness is even more noticeable among the older children, particularly if they have a sensible family background.

There are, of course, many children who have been exposed to bad family influence, and many deprived of any family influence at all. The number of orphans is appalling, though there seems to be no difficulty in finding suitable adoption for young and very young children, preferably infants. But this does not solve the problem of juvenile orphans too old to be adopted, the majority of them (in the Western Zones) being "*Ostflüchtlinge*," whose parents and families have either perished or vanished.

Many boys had been roaming wild until the authorities got hold of them by the simple method of withholding their new ration-cards unless they reported personally. They are now being lodged and fed in former air-raid shelters and all sorts f makeshift accommodation. By day they are ent out to do odd jobs. They do not respond o any attempts at schooling. It is always the ame story. At 14 or 15, the boy was a member of the Wehrmacht—a *Luftwaffehelfer* or a *Flakhelfer* in his native East Prussia or Silesia r Pomerania. Nearly every one of them was a egular P.o.W. of the Red Army, and most of hem were handed over to the Poles, and somehow made their get-away—an escapade they are till very proud of. They have nothing except he rags they stand up in, no family, no interests nd no aim in life except vague ideas of "going o sea" or "joining the Foreign Legion."

One such boy (at Bremen) surprised the popular warden of his hostel—a man who could be ough as well as kind—by taking him a piece of ried liver. He denied having stolen it, and mumbled something about having caught a rabbit. Some time later the true story came out, so symptomatic that it is worth recounting. The boy was hired to run errands for an American officer who treated him very generously. One day, unobserved in the officer's apartment, he discovered his employer's favourite Cocker spaniel, and, on the spur of the moment, grabbed the animal, broke its neck and squeezed it into his rucksack. (The officer, for days on end, kept on advertising a substantial reward for his vanished pet.) The boy proceeded to skin the dog and eat it, and then to fry the liver and follow his original impulse of giving the one man he respected the one thing he considered the most delectable gift on earth. Here is the typical mixture of the distorted mentality of these products of the "Hitler Youth."

The girls of that type and age are no less of a problem, most of them being venereal. In one single Bremen Hospital there are over two hundred of them, and since it is impossible to put a sentry in front of every window, some of them escape every night to roam the streets and spread their disease. Fortunately the majority of German girls have still some family to live with, and those I saw impressed me as backward and shy. I saw quite a few in various training schools where (with whatever rags were available) they were taught sewing and mending. On one occasion I got a little nearer to what I wanted to learn: how the breakdown of the regime was reflected in these young minds. On that occasion, an understanding and motherly teacher (who clearly had the confidence of the girls) coaxed them out of their embarrassed reserve. Some of the more intelligent girls began to admit that, of course, they had loved the Führer and believed in him implicitly; and one said that, even while the British were marching into the town, she believed the Führer would work some miracle. "But I was only fourteen then," she added. Girls had since learned a great deal about what happened in the concentration camps. At first they had merely been glad that there was no more bombing, and now all they wanted was to see their town built up again and to grow up into a sort of normal life. At any rate, they knew next to nothing about the historical background of it all. This is by far the most important thing any German child should be taught now. But, strange to say, while fully recognising its importance, the German educational authorities in the Western Zones have so far shied off tackling the task of devising a new way of teaching history, and particularly recent German history.

Here, too, things are one jump ahead in the Russian Zone, where a complete draft of a history syllabus has been worked out, printed in two small volumes, and with a blank page between every two pages, so that all teachers among whom this is circulating can make their suggestions for the final draft to be put into operation in the first term of the *Einheitsschule* starting this autumn. No one in the Western Zones even knew about this important job of work being carried on a few miles eastwards. Here are a few extracts from the draft:

*Reformation*: Luther's failure to see the social problems of the time (*vide* his antagonism against the peasants). Counter-reformation inevitable because Reformation failed to solve either the national or the social problem.

*French Revolution*: Little immediate effect on Germany, owing to weakness of Middle Classes and consequent reactionary coalition wars.

*1848*: Stress negative as well as positive result: reawakening of democratic urge.

*1870*: Stress that after Sedan, with fighting against Paris Commune and for conquest of Alsace-Lorraine, this war became definitely unjust.

The present draft is not carried any farther, the all-important problem of recent history being left to a special subject called *Gegenwartskunde*. This is projected in the Western Zones too; but it has not yet gone much beyond the preparatory stage, whereas in the Russian Zone they have a complete syllabus for this too, including the reading of newspapers, an interpretation of the Nuremberg Trial, an analysis of land reform, and other things suitably graded for children from the age of twelve.

In the not unlikely event of the future history syllabuses in the Western Zones being not too dissimilar from those in the Russian Zone, the chances are that before long German children will enjoy some of the most sensible history lessons in the world. Unhappily, this pleasant prospect for the young generation does not solve the problem of those too old to go to school or too narrow-minded to learn.

(*To be concluded*)

HEINRICH FRAENKEL

# I AM "AN ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT"

[*This account was written by an illegal immigrant in Palestine, who for obvious reasons cannot give his name.*]

WE do not call ourselves illegal. Our own people, the Jews of Palestine, call us uncertificated immigrants. I can't tell everything about my journey to the homeland because I came on one of the boats that succeeded in getting to shore undetected. Several have been caught, but ours succeeded in getting through the patrols and slipping away even after we were spotted by airplanes. Like the *Enzo Sereni*, one of the boats that was caught, our boat, too, was named after one of the Palestinians who parachuted into Europe on an Allied mission during the war, and was captured and executed.

As for myself, I am twenty-one, and I come originally from White Russia. When the Germans took the area, everyone in my family disappeared, as we say, because we don't like to say they are dead. Everyone except myself and one sister. We joined the partisans. I have a medal that I received from the Soviet Union.

After the war I went back to my town and found there were no Jews left alive, and I couldn't live there any more. So I made my way into Poland, and there in one of the larger cities I got in touch with some surviving Jews who were going to try to come to Palestine. Several of us started out together. My sister is waiting, to try later.

We started on a train, and when we came to a border we said we were Greek refugees returning to our homeland, for if we had admitted we were Jews they wouldn't have let us go on. One of us could speak a little Greek, and the rest of us kept quiet. So we got through.

We travelled through several countries. We had a little money at the beginning of our journey, and after that we were "Displaced Persons." In the large centres we asked our way about, and were able to get in touch with other people trying to come to Palestine by whatever means possible. I can't tell the details, but we managed to get to the place where there was a boat.

Two hundred and fifty of us crowded into the hold of a tiny ship. When I saw that ship, I felt right away that I would never get off it alive. I know a little about ships, and it was such a tiny, weak old tub I was sure it could never cross the Mediterranean. The hammocks in the hold were so close together that when a man lay in his hammock he pressed on the man below. We had to stay in our hammocks all the time, as there was no room to move at all. But as there were no sanitary arrangements below deck we had to take turns going on deck. We also went on deck in groups of ten for meals. We had to keep to this small number for fear of our ship being suspected if it were sighted and many people were observed on deck. We had tinned food, but very little water. Our ration was one-eighth of a litre a day. Since we had so little water, most of us ate very little. Some didn't eat at all during the entire trip, which lasted twelve days. At first, everyone was seasick.

Even those who had been in concentration camps said this was the worst period of all to endure, yet we would all do it again to get to Palestine. The ship was very badly balanced; it rolled so heavily that when ten people were on deck, to eat, they had to be distributed five on each side, for fear of overturning the vessel. There wasn't even a barometer on board, and there was only one tiny lifeboat. There weren't enough sailors, and I was called to take my turn at the wheel, since I knew a little about navigation. I stood a four-hour watch every day.

The worst time was the tenth day. None of us believed we would get through that storm. The captain was sure we were finished, and so he got out some wine and got drunk, waiting for the ship to break in two and dump us all into the sea. Each time a wave engulfed us it seemed our prow would never come up, and the ship would simply break. We tried to prevent this by lashing oil-barrels around the cabin, so as to make a central mass. To move those barrels, while the ship was pitching and rolling, was a superhuman job, as we had to cling to any kind of support, with one hand, to avoid being washed overboard, while we dragged the barrels, inch by inch, across the deck. But we managed to get this done, and perhaps it saved us.

During this storm we were spotted by scout-planes, and two of them circled above us all day long. Even though we thought we were going to drown, we kept up our precautions against being identified as an illegal ship. We ducked, or flattened to keep out of sight, whenever the planes came near.

The next night we reached the Palestine coast. We had lost contact with any possible reception party. We decided we had better try to make shore and land ourselves. In the meantime the ship struck a sandbar. We put off our one lifeboat and tried to get some of the women ashore, as several of them were very weak. But the sea was still rough, and the lifeboat capsized. Many of us jumped into the water to save the girls. But one of the girls drowned that night, as we finally reached Palestine.

People had been on the look-out for us, and even though we were in the wrong place, they found us, and came out to help us land. But they had no lifeboats at this place, so they swam out and helped many of us off the ship. Then some ropes were stretched from the ship to the shore, which was not too far away, and those of us who couldn't swim managed to pull themselves along the ropes through the deep water.

Once we got ashore we were quickly distributed over the country. So we are home.

## RADIO NOTES

I TAKE leave to doubt whether Queen Victoria had as much reason for fury as Miss Jonquil Antony would have us believe. Emily Davies, Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, and Millicent Fawcett, whose campaign for "woman's rights" so infuriated the Sovereign, were very exceptional in their discontent with the life they were expected to lead. From the novels, diaries and letters of the time it is abundantly clear that the majority of Victorian ladies were perfectly satisfied with their lot. No doubt they complained sometimes of this and that, as do their emancipated sisters of to-day. But few people, at any period, stop to question their life as a whole, so as to feel hatred or love for it; they simply live it, reserving strong feeling for smaller, more measurable units. To represent Victorian womanhood, week after week, in a vociferous trailer, as "crushed under wax fruit and loaded with chains of beads," is a grotesque exaggeration. There is little reason to suppose that Victorian ladies were more bored than their great-granddaughters; for one thing they were far too busy, in the house and the village. Wax fruit and bead work were undertaken, not as a penance but as an agreeable relaxation; and the result was a great deal prettier and more durable than the mass-produced horrors of to-day. The scripts of "Queen Victoria was Furious" seem to have been written in cardboard letters a foot high, and the production was faithful to the author's view of her subject.

The Challenge of our Time (already overcome by Commander Campbell, so we were told by Donald McCullough last Tuesday week) is, I am glad to note, producing a steadily increasing stream of responsible opinion from men of science who insist upon the necessity of a thorough return to Christian values. In a sense, of course, the later comers to a series like this have the better chance of grasping all the facets of the subject; in any case it seemed to me that Professor A. D. Ritchie was one of the best contributors so far: his discourse was winningly moderate yet definite, judicious and imaginative. Indeed the whole series has, with a single exception, been a perfect example of how to discuss a serious subject seriously but not solemnly. Why, then, does the Brains Trust so often shirk this issue? What is the function of a chairman, if not to distinguish between matters of importance and those which merely waste the committee's time?

I had expected the *Comedy of Good and Evil*, by that near-genius Richard Hughes, to stand the test of twenty years rather better than in fact it did. Perhaps the medium did not suit it; but the opening sequence was surely far too long, and it was difficult to see whither it was leading. As I recall the stage performance, the whimsicality of the subject was corrected by the wryness of the humour; but on the air the total impression was "Celtic" in the derogatory sense.

In Alan Loveday, who played the Tchaikovsky concerto last Sunday, we have a new violinist of quite extraordinary accomplishment. Though clearly an excellent technician, commanding absolute certainty of intonation, even in harmonics and triple stopping, his playing is chiefly remarkable for its musicianly qualities, its broad stream of beautiful round tone and its classical restraint in phrasing. Delightful as Sunday's experience was, one looks forward to hearing Mr. Loveday in something more worthy of his peculiar gifts—a concerto by Bach or a sonata by Beethoven.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*Sunday, May 26th.* Portrait of a Village (7 p.m.); Martinu Piano Quintet (11.3 p.m.).

*Monday, May 27th.* If You'd Lived Then (7.40 p.m.); The Flowers are not for you to Pick (9.15 p.m.).

*Tuesday, May 28th.* Concert (7.30 p.m.); The Monkey's Paw (L.P. 9.30 p.m.).

*Wednesday, May 29th.* Tribute to Lord Cecil (4 p.m.); Sir John in Love (7.40 p.m.); Picture Parade (L.P. 9.15 p.m.).

*Thursday, May 30th.* Rhythm in Prose (L.P. 3 p.m.); Concert (7.15 p.m.); Pound Sterling by David Yates-Mason (9.30 p.m.).

*Friday, May 31st.* Narrow Boats (6.20 p.m.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

## ROUND THE EXHIBITIONS

AN exhibition of paintings and drawings by Sickert at Roland, Browse and Delbanco. Academicians who exhort young artists to keep their colours "clean and bright" should examine some of these early Dieppe scenes. They are muddy and dark, and yet steeped in some mysterious illumination. Sickert's slate-grey skies and bleak roofs are more subtly luminous than the garish rainbow colours employed by the imitators of Impressionism—more luminous even than his own later productions. How is it that blobs of light on a dark underpainting can suggest, without appearing to describe, the form of objects? This is the painter's secret that cannot be translated into words, since it is the purely pictorial language of form. Sickert learnt the secret from Venice, from the last canvases, dripping with beads of light, of Titian the octogenarian, and on a less exalted plane from Jacopo Bassano who must have been responsible for the picture hanging on the wall of Sickert's interior "La Nera" (No. 10 in the catalogue of this exhibition).

Paintings by Tristram Hillier at Tooth's. To sew up sham rents in a canvas with sham safety-pins casting sham shadows is surrealist; to sew up sham rents with real safety-pins is dadaist. Hillier hints at a dada revival. In his "Bassin de Chalutiers" (note the date: 1940) there are rude scribblings on the wall of a house and the words: "Vive Daladier Blum." To cross out "Daladier" would have been boring, to cross out "Blum," surrealist; but Hillier has crossed out the word "Vive." His is a dead world of jetties in which nothing works. Wires hang limp on their pylons. Cranes have no wires at all and have clearly not been operated for centuries. Boats are propped up on the quays and vast prehistoric anchors and propellers anchor and propel nothing. Even the clock on the tower must have stopped as it too looks dead. Hillier has stripped the world of Seurat and Henri Rousseau of every vestige of humanity. One scene represents a street accident, based it seems on some mediaeval "Deposition," with a broken pylon rising in lieu of a cross above the mourners. Medical attention is being administered to the victim, but in the first-aid box, among the bandages and scissors, is a bottle labelled "Poison."

HENRY CRABBE

## THE THEATRE

ARE the first cracks beginning to appear in the stucco edifice of the London Theatre boom? One or two unexpected notices are up in Shaftesbury Avenue; one or two plays which we have come to regard as permanent institutions have been actually taken off. It is as if LAST WEEKS was posted outside Madame Tussaud's. There are certainly more new plays to see, and more variety in the newness. The outermost marges, the dim worlds beyond the threepenny bus ride, still provide the most interesting theatre. By all accounts the new plays at the Lindsey and at Hammersmith (The Lyric) are good. The theme of waxworks takes us to Hammersmith (King's), where *In Time to Come* shows us the Big Four in conference at Versailles, and that famous exhibit No. 264 (M. Clemenceau) and 281 (L.G.) are seen as if talking to Sonnino and President Wilson. It is interesting to see the old familiar faces in action: but they are scarcely brought to life. The huge subject of the tragedy of the President, and the story of how, avoiding the rocks of opportunism and national interest which opposed him, he turned aside to founder in the quicksands of his own weakness—all this needs Hardy-esque treatment and the kind of reality which only poetical speech can give. But it is worth going to see the intent and careful portrait of Wilson drawn by Sir Lewis Casson, who is one of the few extremely sound actors who are never even a little dull.

There is a restful reserve about this production. At the Granville Theatre, in the "meadow by the winding brook," or Walham Green, visitors, if impressed, may also be overpowered and bewildered. This is Vivian Connell's play, which he calls, with a gawky, dislocated kind of humour, typical of his writing, *The Nineteenth Hole of Europe.* The last representatives of a continent which has fought itself to death are clinging to its margins. Nature's moulds are cracked, and the final king, sportsman, trollop, business man, and poet discuss their end in the remains of a world where burning is the only remedy for plague, and the only burial is in the throats of the rats. The author has a fine theme and a fine dramatic sense half buried in the language which pours through this play like a torrent, bearing in its flood indiscriminately some sticks and stones of rubbish, and riches and tender flowers of poetry as well.

Back to civilisation with a jerk at the St. James's, where we can see that firm, but kindly and enlightened Fabian Warwick upholding the cause of the people against a weak King. Details of dates and genealogical tables in the programme wrongly suggest that this play is history, but it is good entertainment. In spite of some moments when imagination seems about to break through, Miss Luce's *The Kingmaker,* directed by John Clements for a new and promising Repertory, gives a sense less of wealth than of money worth. A large, good cast, in fine big costumes, a a great many scenes. Miss Luce's dramatic sen is less developed than her sense of the stage. T character of the Kingmaker is static: Edward, playe with careful flamboyance by a fine actor, Robe Eddison, is the only personality to show developmen Too strict an adherence to "good theatre" gives th play too many neat ripostes and good curtain line with one, two, three steps to the back drop, paus turn, pause, and deliver.

May I also remind readers that they can see a pla more nearly perfect than any of these at the Winte Garden—Miss Temple's *No Room at the Inn?* Mis Freda Jackson's performance as caretaker of the unfor tunate evacuee children is even better than this ver moving play.

STEPHEN POTTER

## THE MOVIES

### "Premier Rendezvous" and "Portrait o Maria," at the Curzon

### "Spellbound," at the London Pavilion and th Tivoli

Many among those who have hurried to the revival of *Le Jour Se Lève* will have been shocked to discover that this is literally their last sight of a brilliant film. It has been bought by an American company which, after cribbing all it needs, will lock up or destroy the original. Hollywood has done this before, with *Gaslight* and *Pépé le Moko;* the results were contemptible. There is no reason to suppose the devaluation of *Le Jour Se Lève* will be any less drastic; indeed, Hollywood doesn't possess a director in the same street as Carné. All it has, presumably, is Gabin; and one may doubt in advance whether he will be quite happy giving a rehash of his earlier performance in broken American. The purchasers of *Le Jour Se Lève* (according to an interview in the *News Chronicle*) are a little uneasy over their deal. Not, of course, that they feel any shame over the destruction of a masterpiece; what are masterpieces for, except to be de-gutted by the moneyed and witless? No, they're worried lest the idea should get about that their film isn't altogether original. They'd prefer us to let bygones be bygones, and to prepare a welcome for—what will it be called? I suggest *Forever Bleeding* or *To-morrow isn't Yesterday.*

Meanwhile, here is a new French film that no one will have thought of bidding for as yet and that can be enjoyed without valediction. Mlle. Danielle Darrieux (how delightfully and vividly she plays the innocent!) has been brought up in an orphanage, from which she seeks to escape by means of the personal column in a newspaper. As "Une Désenchantée" she answers the plea of a lonely gentleman who signs himself "L'Inconnu" and the two meet in a café: he is a meek and middle-aged schoolmaster. However, he pretends to have been acting on behalf of a young friend, and in no time she finds herself hiding on the fringe of an aristocratic boys' school. There, athletes are glimpsed through the window, the choruses and the ragging are highly organised, a colleague is always inconveniently dropping in at meal-times, the "young friend" turns up, and at last Mlle. Darrieux's voice is heard singing through forbidden corridors. The adventure ends in a whirl of high spirits, having never been less than gay, and touched with feeling. *Portrait of Maria,* with its lovely Mexican landscapes, shares the programme at the Curzon.

Mr. Hitchcock is one of the assets bought long ago by Hollywood without irreparable damage to the original. At his best—in *Suspicion,* for example—he can be very good indeed; at his worst, pretentious in the Hollywood manner. *Spellbound* is a thriller about schizophrenia, laborious in atmosphere and explanation; occasionally, in the use of a moving camera or a horrified close-up, Hitchcock comes into his own. The whole film tends to show that psychoanalysis yields poor material for a popular thriller. It has, however, Miss Ingrid Bergman, armed—since she is a psychiatrist—with a pair of spectacles and a contempt for love. Being beautiful, she is allowed to take off the first and unbend to the second.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

# Correspondence

## THE FIGHT FOR GERMANY

SIR,—At last the shape of things to come in Germany and Europe is emerging. It is not pretty.

Before the fighting on the Continent had finished, I prophesied to a group of my friends that within two to three years the Powers would have begun to compete for the favour of Germany; and I recall their derisive smirks. The peace is not yet a year old, and already the competition has begun.

Two months ago I returned from a four-week visit of inquiry to Germany, more than ever convinced that this was the way things were going. It was still an unacknowledged, almost an unconscious trend, but behind the hard and devoted work of Military Government, the almost missionary zeal of many of its members, lay always an unanswered, unadmitted question. In the last few weeks both the question and its answer emerged from the shadows and acquired an unmistakable shape.

The first open herald of the new dawn is Mr. Robert Boothby, whose elephantine nimbleness of mind has lurched to all the wrong solutions with characteristic *élan.* There is to be no more pretence of Three-Power collaboration. The hard objective of a single Germany within an harmonious Europe is joyously discarded, and the prospect of a world sharply divided into anti-Russian and pro-Russian is welcomed with ill-concealed impatience for its early and complete fulfilment.

This champion of the Iron Curtain is himself so anxious to pull the ropes that he does not even trouble to be reticent. The objective is stated with complete candour. Less than twelve months after the second defeat of German militarism within a generation we are told of "the incredible folly of limiting German industrial production in the West." (Why only in the *West*, Mr. Boothby?) The Ruhr and the Saar are to become the centre of a close industrial alliance embracing Germany, France, Belgium, Luxembourg and, of course, Great Britain.

To make quite certain that there is no anti-German nonsense about this plan, we are reminded that it is, in fact, a revival of the dream of Dr. Rathenau, enemy of Socialism, chief financial architect of the A. E. G. cartel, and economic dictator of Germany in the 1914–18 war. Dr. Rathenau was a Nazi before his time, having devised during the first German war a plan for the exploitation of a conquered Europe for the benefit of the German race. Now the industrial build-up which has twice laid Europe in ruins within a quarter of a century is to be reconstructed on a still more gigantic scale—but this time with a safeguard against its being used to attack Britain. Britain will not be among the victims of the combination this time, because Britain herself will be in it, will lead it. This time Germany will not be a menace but an ally. A new foe has now been found, whose "westward expansion" must be stopped.

It is not such a vast step forward from this position to a proposal for a £1,000,000,000 loan to set the poor German industrialists on their feet. The deferred hopes of 1939 can now perhaps be realised. What a shame that so much time has been wasted, and so many millions of lives lost, by a tiresome and unnecessary diversion!

Last autumn, I was discussing with a highly placed diplomat who knew something of the Kremlin's mind, the everlasting question of Russia's diplomatic obstinacy. Why does Moscow behave so badly? He gave a comprehensive answer, embracing the various circumstances that he believed fed Russian suspicions; somewhat to my surprise at the time, he named as the biggest single factor, *not* the atom bomb, but Moscow's belief that the Anglo-Saxon aim was *to build up the Ruhr as the arsenal of the West*. No doubt Mr. Boothby's interesting letter to *The Times* will have been read with attention in the Kremlin. It will not contribute to any mollifying of Russian intransigence when the Foreign Ministers meet again next month.

Mr. Boothby appears to harbour the naive idea that somehow or other the perils of a world divided into two opposed political and economic systems will be avoided by the formation of his Western *bloc.* He does not seem to have heard what happens to substances that find themselves situated between an upper and a nether grindstone. The emptiness of Mr. Boothby's proposal is only emphasised by his parenthetic proviso that the *bloc* would operate "subject to the over-riding authority of the Security Council." We should, in fact, be exactly where we are now, with three rival Powers with their satellites playing for position. And the result would also, surely, be the same: the middle group would come to identify its policy with one or other of the groups to Left and Right—with *which*, I will give Mr. Boothby one guess.

Just how completely the international situation is drifting into the anarchy of opportunism under this rivalry is illustrated by the latest news from Uno on the Spanish question. The principle of the vicious spiral could hardly be more perfectly exemplified. It is reported that the disagreements at the Paris Conference of Foreign Ministers have strengthened official American and British opinion that it "would be unwise to take any steps which might further upset the present balance in Western Europe." There was a time when the case of Franco Spain used to be considered by Western democrats the very core and touchstone of the fight against Fascism—the test of tests. To-day, we have advanced so far down the *autobahn* of anti-Bolshevism that apparently both the U.S.A. and the Socialist Government of Britain are prepared to contemplate alliance with Fascists rather than "upset the balance." Dr. Goebbels must be grinning in his grave.

GERALD BARRY

## PALESTINE

SIR,—A peculiar feature of the Palestine Report is the absence of any logical connection between the facts it states and the conclusions it has already drawn in the first chapter. Mr. Crossman's articles reveal the considerations which led at least one member of the Committee and possibly more to those conclusions.

They show, also, that Mr. Crossman's thinking is based upon wholly false assumptions about both the Jewish and the Arab situation. His view of the Jewish situation may be summarised as follows: the Jewish community in Palestine is so well organised and so resolutely opposed to the White Paper that any attempt to carry out the White Paper would lead to a serious Jewish revolt. Any attempt to suppress this revolt would be bound to fail, both because of the military risks involved and because of its effect upon world opinion; it is, therefore, necessary to abrogate the White Paper and make some conciliatory gesture, in order, at least, to gain time, and if possible to give the "moderate" Zionists an opportunity to reassert their hold over the movement and to co-operate with the Government in suppressing or neutralising the illegal armies.

It may be questioned whether the Jewish illegal forces are as strong as Mr. Crossman depicts them; it may be questioned also whether the difference between "moderate" and "extreme" Zionists is as great and real as he imagines. Setting aside these doubts, however, it must be emphasised that the struggle between Jewish "moderates" and "extremists" has already been decided in Palestine. There may be many individual Jews who doubt the wisdom of the Jewish Agency's policy, but the Agency, the Histadruth and other communal organisations are firmly controlled by determined and uncompromising men of the type of Mr. Ben Gurion, who want a Jewish State, are resolved to secure it by any means and will be satisfied with nothing less. If Zionists of this type are willing to fight, they will

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fight not for 100,000 immigrants but for a Jewish State; and the concessions made to them in the Report will do nothing to appease them. Indeed, the Report will make them, if anything, more intransigent. Both the Report itself and interpretations of it, such as that given by Mr. Crossman, will tend to convince them that what they have secured they have secured by their strength alone, and that if they increase that strength and make a further effort they will obtain even more.

Mr. Crossman's view of the Arabs is also false. It is vitiated by the common fault of the novice, the tendency to draw too sharp distinctions, to turn what are only differences of emphasis into direct antitheses. Mr. Crossman is right in observing that there is a difference in the outlook of the older and the younger generations of Arab nationalists. He is right also in emphasising that Great Britain can only win the secure friendship of the younger generation if she helps them in their constructive tasks of national reform. But he is wrong if he thinks that the differences between the two generations are more fundamental than the national ties which unite them, or that the young are any less deeply concerned about the Zionist danger than the old. To solve the Palestine problem in accordance with the just demands of the Arabs would not by itself be sufficient to win the permanent friendship of the Arab world, but it is a necessary condition without which all endeavours to win Arab friendship, in the cultural and social no less than in the political sphere, are bound to fail. The policy suggested by Mr. Crossman cannot be a substitute for the solution of the Palestine problem through a return to the principles of the White Paper.

Underlying Mr. Crossman's arguments there is a further assumption: Mr. Crossman cannot really believe that the Arabs regard the White Paper as just, because he does not himself regard it as just. For him it is nothing but a surrender to Arab violence, and a complete concession of the Arab demands. Had he reflected on it a little more, he might have understood it for what it is: the logical conclusion of twenty years' thought about the problem, and a statesmanlike attempt to strike a balance between Great Britain's various undertakings and interests. In particular, he would do well to read once more the passage in the White Paper which discusses the two alternatives before H.M.G., to expand the Jewish National Home by coercing the Arabs or to make further expansion dependent upon Arab acquiescence, and which explains the reasons which led H.M.G. to adopt in principle the second of these alternatives.

The Arab Office, A. H. HOURANI
161 St. Stephen's House, S.W.1

## WHAT IS AN EMIGRE?

SIR,—Mr. Zilliacus does me a great personal injustice in calling me "a voluntary exile" because I do not "approve of the present regime" in Poland. This is not only untrue in itself, but also against my political principles. All followers of Mr. Mikolajczyk consider it a duty of every Pole to take part in public life in Poland in spite of all difficulties and reprisals, and as long as he remains a member of the Government the situation is certainly not hopeless. Politically I am in the same position as millions of Mikolajczyk supporters in my country. If I am compelled to do relief work abroad instead of being in their midst it is neither my fault nor my choice. I may be called back any time, and, meanwhile, I continue to do my duty here as a disciplined citizen. Voluntary political exile is a gesture of defeatism and despair.

275 The White House, ADAM ROMER
N.W.1

## SCIENTISTS AND SECRECY

SIR,—You are to be congratulated upon your Editorial note concerning the sentence of ten years' penal servitude upon Dr. May, and for publishing the letters of protest. It is a most unfortunate matter that the divulgence of atomic secrets to a friendly Power at the very moment of a military alliance should be considered as being of a far greater criminality than the behaviour of Baillie-Stewart and of certain other persons who broadcast on behalf of the Nazi regime during the war. Anglo-Russian relationships will not be assisted by a comparatively lenient treatment of persons who followed up many years of pro-Nazi advocacy with such activity, whilst a pro-Soviet activity is apparently to be regarded as the worst of crimes.

Nobody in this country would suggest that such motives influenced the learned judge when he assessed the sentence, but it would be possible for the whole matter to be so regarded upon the Continent. With regard to Dr. May personally, the sentence clearly calls for a drastic reduction, and I trust that Labour M.P.s will not rest till this end be secured. But there is a further moral. If the atomic secret had been shared with our ally, Russia (and Russia had a perfect right to expect it to be so shared), the May case would never have arisen. It is but one further indication that the atomic secret, to be in right keeping, must be under international control.

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT

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## MIHAILOVITCH

SIR,—Mr. Hasper's statement in the former of his two letters that "it would have been quite impossible for us at the end of 1943 or during the first six months of 1944 to withdraw, even if we had had orders to do so, which we had not," is incorrect. The facts of the case are indisputable: the entire British Mission, of which I was a member and which embraced nobody by the name of Hasper, was evacuated from Western Serbia on the nights of May 29th–31st, 1944. The evacuation took place from an improvised air strip some seven miles to the north-west of Čačak and the security of the terrain during the whole operation was carried out by troops under the command of General Mihailovitch.

Apart from the above operation, in which I myself participated, there had been another evacuation, by sea, of several officers personally known to me, who were escorted to the Adriatic coast by others of General Mihailovitch's forces. These withdrawals were carried out on the instructions of His Majesty's Government.

How is it that Mr. Hasper, who claims that he was with General Mihailovitch from August, 1942, until January, 1945, failed to make himself known to any one of the forty-odd British of all ranks who were officially accredited to the General for various periods from late 1941 until May, 1944, and who were located in widely separated areas? May I also ask how Mr. Hasper failed to hear of the withdrawal which I have described?

E. S. GREENWOOD

Cattistock,
Dorchester, Dorset.

[We have also received a further letter from Brigadier Maclean, M.P., who confirms Col. Greenwood's statements. He writes: "It was precisely my knowledge of the circumstances under which Brigadier Armstrong, who was in command of the British Mission to General Mihailovitch, and, to the best of my knowledge, the rest of his Mission were withdrawn during the first six months of 1944, that led me in the first place to question Lt. Cdr. Hasper's statement that he himself had remained with Mihailovitch until January, 1945. Indeed, I myself made arrangements with Marshal Tito to facilitate the evacuation of a good many of the officers and other ranks concerned. If, then, Lt. Cdr. Hasper remained at Mihailovitch's Headquarters until 1945 it can hardly have been because withdrawal at an earlier date was an impossibility. It is also odd that the rest of the Mission should have received orders to withdraw, but not Lt. Cdr. Hasper. In fact it would be most interesting to know how it was that he came to be left behind."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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12/6

LINDSAY DRUMMOND

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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

In a short essay on "The novelist and his characters," which is distinguished no less by the modesty of its tone than by its complete insight into the subject, M. François Mauriac places himself, by implication, among those creative writers whose concern for the living soul raises them above the contingencies of journalism and of party. "The distinction," he says, "is not between bourgeois [*mondains*] and proletarian writers, but between good and bad writers." And further on he fills out this distinction by a more explicit statement of the true novelist's aim: "I believe it is our justification . . . that we create an ideal world thanks to which living men may see more clearly into their own hearts and so may show each other more understanding and more pity."

It is refreshing to come upon a contemporary, imaginative writer whose moral values do not wear a provisional air. Pity and understanding are certainly the most striking qualities of Mauriac's novels; but both are edged with the sternness that comes of an absolute religious conviction, bred in the bone and fostered by strong attachment to a traditional way of life in a remote and self-contained corner of France. With its tracts of sand dune and pine forest, its vines, its lost and crumbling manors, its proud peasantry, its torrid summers and dank winters, the Gironde is a gift to a novelist, for it contains those extremes of habit and circumstance which he need not describe but of which he must be constantly aware. Though backed by the Mediterranean, the face of this uncompromising land is turned towards the Atlantic and its mists. So Mauriac derives the simplicity and vigour of his style from the classical south, but from the north and west his passion for the human soul. If he does not really count among the "regional" novelists, this is because the fervently Catholic cast of his mind gives to his picture of life a universal quality which is lacking in the deliberate and emphatic provincialism of writers like Giono and Frank O'Connor. Mauriac writes always of the Gironde, not in order to celebrate it, but because a lifetime's knowledge of the place and its inhabitants offers him all the material he needs for the exploitation of his theme.

Unlike most contemporary novelists, Mauriac is primarily interested in the problem of Good and Evil; and here it must be remembered that while to the atheist or agnostic evil is simply the antisocial urge within an ill-balanced personality, to the Christian it is an hierarchy of its own, beside the human system. Yet it is also essentially parasitic—a wandering force which, in order to maintain itself, fastens upon the unwary, the violent, or the desperate soul so that this becomes literally possessed, separate, terrible. "Every time we do good, God works in us and with us; on the other hand, our bad actions belong wholly to us. Where evil is concerned, we are in some sense gods." And in *Les Anges Noirs,* which is Mauriac's most unflinching examination of the hierarchy of evil, the action of the story is constantly being snatched away from the characters themselves, so that everything is made deceptively easy for them, as in some kinds of dream . . .

> Son expérience ne le trompait pas: dans sa vie, ces voyages brusques et non prémédités avaient toujours signifié une mise en oeuvre, l'accomplissement d'un dessein. Il se sentait imperceptiblement balancé comme une pierre tenue dans une main crispée . . . Oui: inerte comme ce caillou que la main d'un enfant va lancer contre une bête innocente. Jamais autant que ce soir-là il n'avait pris conscience de cette passivité terrible.

This strong conception of the nature of evil renders it terrifying to the imagination in a manner, and with a power, which are not available to those writers (and they are the great majority) who entertain a negative idea of this reasonless force. Mauriac—like Graham Greene and (in a different way) Kafka—is a great adept in the art of gathering two or three together so that Evil is conjured to make a fourth in the game. A suddenly intensified *usualness* in the appearance of everything—a quietness replete with signs: the fire burning just too brightly; the pictures on the wall edged with intent; outside the burnished window the landscape dissociating itself. There is no escape, and the scene is set for a proud exaltation of the self which organises a cold and careful demolition of the subtle structures of love. The agents of evil in these novels are superficially various: they range from weaklings like the gigolo, Bob Lagave, of *Destins,* and the furtive rake, Hervé de Blénauge, of *Ce Qui Etait Perdu,* to professional artificers of ill like Gabriel Gradère (*Les Anges Noirs*) and Hortense Voyod (*La Pharisienne*). These are extreme cases, and it is perhaps natural that Mauriac's most famous character, the murderess Thérèse Desquéroux, should also be that which has aroused the liveliest interest and sympathy among his readers.

Mauriac's most recent creation—and, I think, his finest, just because so rich in complexities of motive still observable in the "average" person—is a woman whose character suffers all but total ruin through the irreconcilable claims of the religious and the secular forces within her. In other words, Brigitte Pian is a Pharisee* whose life is devoted to the forging of an "armour of perfection" around her soul, the corruption of which is hidden from her by egotism and a self-righteous love of power. In this wonderful portrait, which has the grandeur and pathos of a Rembrandt, Mauriac observes his subject with perfect detachment and with a dry humour which exposes Mme Pian's pretensions as essentially comic. When one of her victims becomes restive under her relentless interference, this is Mauriac's comment:

> But Mme Brigitte would not listen. She had been wounded, but forgave the hand that held the weapon. She always behaved like this when people told her that she had been wrong or had committed some injustice. Instead of frankly admitting her fault and sitting in sackcloth and ashes, she turned the other cheek, protesting that it was well she should be thus misunderstood and vilified. In this way she added another link of mail to the armour of perfection and merit in which she went clad from head to foot. On such occasions her interlocutor was driven to speak angry words, and this gave her a feeling of still greater excellence at the bar of her own conscience and in the sight of God.

Mauriac has shown us the male, and even more sinister, equivalent of Mme Pian in the spoiled priest of his play, *The Intruder,* and has commented upon the type in an interesting essay on Molière's Alceste, which contains the following acute remark: "He feels no horror for what is horrible—beginning with himself: all his attacks are turned outwards; he compares himself with others only to his own advantage." In the Christian sense, then, Brigitte Pian's self-satisfaction is comic; but meanwhile the harm it does to others is frightful, and nowhere does the power of this novelist's imagination operate to such admirable effect as in the success with which he engages our sympathy for the miserable woman, when, at long last, the results of her acts begin inevitably to recoil upon herself.

The subject is a large one; it requires both time and space for its deployment; and the author's management of both is that of a great master of fiction. When the story opens, three of the principal characters—Mme Pian's step-children, Louis and Michèle, and Louis's school friend Jean de Mirbel—are children; but so cunningly is the story told that years have passed and they are grown up before we realise it. The tragedy of the saintly Abbé Calou, the deterioration of Jean de Mirbel, are contributory stages in the same sequence; but the factor of space is equally important, and the irregular intersection of diverse destinies (a constant feature in all Mauriac's novels) is here contrived with an effortless ease and a completely firm grasp on realities of the situation which make the laboured counterpoint of Aldous Huxley and others look very clumsy indeed. For although the progress of the Pharisee is the centre of the book, the individual stories which contribute to it are made to seem no less interesting, because the author's hold on his character is both firm and tender.

It is an absorbing spectacle, not only because we feel so lively an interest in these people, but because—to put it very mildly—M. Mauriac knows how to tell a story. In fact, I can think of no other living novelist whose sheer narrative power is at all comparable with his. Impossible to stop reading any of his novels, especially this one. His method is traditional and presents no difficulties or obliquities such as we find in writers like Bernanos or Elizabeth Bowen (to take two very dissimilar examples). Reserving all complexity for the analysis of character and the interplay of shadowy moral forces, Mauriac's prose has the close, economical texture, the hard definition and the smooth serenity of Racine's verse. And because he never flinches before the worst, he is an entirely unsentimental writer. In the hands of a cynic or existentialist a novel like *Les Anges Noirs* would become a revolting piece of Grand Guignol; Rose Révolou, the only character to survive the general cancelling out in *Les Chemins de la Mer,* would be a first cousin of the Constant Nymph; and Jean de Mirbel would be indistinguishable from one of Mr. Koestler's emaciated heroes. Mauriac, on the other hand, regards his creations, not as figures in a daydream nor yet as social or economic pawns, but as individual objects of love. Since he loves them, he can afford to display their vileness, as well as to conceal, if necessary, their nobility, for "not all mysteries are shameful," as he says in the second volume of his *Journal.* In the same way, he knows that his Pharisee will never wholly outgrow her evil propensities, even when events have shown her to herself as she really is. So he allows us to witness the change in her, reasonably confident that we shall not be deceived. This judgment is so beautifully balanced, so just and sober, that the effect of pathos is overwhelming. When the young lovers—so long, so ruinously, so uselessly, kept apart by Mme Pian's abstract jealousy—are at last in a position to defy her, they find there is nothing left to defy—only a broken old woman holding out a tray of tea-things. For all three the tragedy is crippling, because each has lost the basis of judgment upon which, up to then, the tensions of life have subsisted. Whether they cling to one another or fall apart, certainty has given way to hopeless doubt. Jean and Michèle will marry and go away, but we know, before we are told so, that they will tear each other to pieces; and Brigitte Pian will die alone, in possession of the truth at last, but too late to make use of it—too late to rebuild the life of the guiltless priest whose career she has ruined by her campaign of traducement—too late even to transform the surly suspicion of her stepson into the love she has so long despised.

With the possible exception of *Les Anges Noirs,* in which, I feel, it is very difficult to accept the author's belief in Gradère's salvation, all Mauriac's novels achieve a perfect catharsis, so that the sense of disaster, though predominant, does not leave behind it an impression of gloom or futility. This is perhaps due in the main to the charm and sincerity of his pictures of young people. Those of us who saw *The Intruder* acted in London before the war will scarcely have forgotten the beautiful simplicity with which the boy and girl were drawn; and it is the same with the three young victims of Brigitte Pian. Our pity for and understanding of their agonies evoke all the helplessness and ineptitude of our own youth, and leave besides a conviction of the ultimate value of their ordeal.

This volume is planned as the first of a complete edition, in English, of Mauriac's novels, and the publishers must be congratulated on their choice of a translator. The narrative flows smoothly and clearly, the words are always nicely and judiciously chosen, and in rendering the dialogue Mr. Hopkins has wisely refrained from trying to make it *sound* like English talk. As a translation it is something of a work of art in itself, and for that reason a tribute to the greatest of living novelists.

PAUL DOMBEY

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* *A Woman of the Pharisees.* By François Mauriac. Trans. Gerard Hopkins. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 9s.

## ARAB NATIONALISM

**The Arab Awakening.** By George Antonius.
*Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.*

The issue of a new edition of *The Arab Awakening* is opportune. First published in 1938, it gives the most comprehensive account available to the general public of the genesis of the Arab National Movement. The author's style of writing, terse and free from literary flourishes, lends distinction to a careful analysis of political problems which still await final solutions. He tells the story of the movement from the modest cultural initiatives of a century ago to its political climax in the agitation of Arab public opinion which gave point and substance to the Sharifial revolt of 1916. It is the story of an adventure of the spirit, evoking memories of a glorious past, to compose sectional and sectarian conflicts, and revive a sense of political solidarity based on communities of race, traditions and, above all, the Arabic language. Universal dislike of alien Turkish government served as a common rallying point. This, allied with the Arabs' passionate individualism, guided the young movement away from the specious confraternity of Ottoman pan-Islamism; and, later, caused its breach with Turanian imperialism. The author describes the evolution of the movement in its political stage, the activities of its partisans, their nimble-witted propaganda amongst subject populations of the Mediterranean littoral, their plots and intrigues, secret societies, rogues and martyrs; their correspondence in Mesopotamia and covert relations with like-minded Arabian princes in the Peninsula. Thus race-consciousness was stirred, and a vague concept of an Arab political renaissance had been spread abroad before the advent of the first world war heralded the opportunity to translate aspiration into reality, and called for urgent political and military decisions by the promoters of Arabism. The author explains the emergence of the Grand Sharif of Mecca, the course of his tentative negotiations with British representatives in Egypt, and his subsequent uprising against the Turks. His interpretations of texts of letters exchanged during these negotiations are particularly enlightening. He gives a nice appreciation of the political importance of the Sharifial revolt, and the tactical value of the Arabs' campaign to Allenby's conquest of Palestine and Syria. Besides Allenby, the names of great leaders, of Faisal, 'Abdullah and 'Ali, sons of the Grand Sharif; of T. E. Lawrence and his military colleagues, of famous fighting men and politicians and political officers, flit across his pages, often with an adroit comment on an individual personality. The narrative is pursued to victory by the Allied armies, in occupation of the furthest limits of Arab national ambitions; and passes on to the peace-making in Paris, a focus of Anglo-French rivalry and diplomatic manœuvres, the arena of inconvenient Zionist claims, and acrid debate on pledges and counter-pledges conducted by protagonists of power-politics in a twilight of Wilsonian idealism. The three last chapters which discuss the post-war "settlements" and their outcome in the light of subsequent events are the most important, and controversial, section of a valuable work. The author's summary conclusions are that administrative division of Arabs' territories in accordance with British and French strategic and political exigences, French intolerance of Arab nationalism, and the internationally-sponsored pro-Zionist policy in Palestine, have been—in a reverse order of significance—direct causes of ensuing bloodshed, insurrections and widespread political malaise. He visualised no feasible solution of the "Palestine question" other than by the institution in Palestine of an Arab State with safeguards for the protection of sacred shrines and certain facilities for the satisfaction of Jewish cultural requirements in the Holy Land.

The author's qualifications for forming an individual judgment on these matters are incontestable. In a rare degree he combines an understanding of European and Arabian political ideas and cultural values. He gives no indication of an anti-Jewish bias. Nevertheless his presentation of the Arabs' case is that of an advocate, competent and sincere. In developing his thesis he is conscious of, but rarely expounds, arguments which could weigh against its entire acceptance. For example, in respect of the preliminary negotiations with the Sharifials he ignores the significance of a running commentary of oral explanations by special emissaries which accompanied the exchange of letters between Cairo and Mecca. The present reviewer's recollection of this commentary leaves no doubt in his own mind that the Sharif and his sons were, from the first, apprised of the Allies' purpose to install in the Holy Land a régime which would virtually exclude it from the realm of Arab independence. The reviewer also finds it quite incredible that the memorialists of the "Declaration to the Seven" were not similarly advised. The author's over-all picture of the treatment by the wicked European Uncles of their defenceless Arab wards is drawn out of perspective. It ignores dichotomies ever present in international affairs, as in human hearts, between formal profession and actual procedure, and what is lawful but not expedient. In discussing motives of pro-Zionist politicians he does not mention an original philosophical concept of the Balfour Declaration as an act of statesmanship which could pave the way to a great Semitic alliance and open new fields of economic opportunity to Middle-Eastern peoples. In a lower plane of political speculation he does not suggest what sources of capital, skill and energy, alternative to those of the Zionists, could have been made available for rehabilitation; nor does he ask (paradoxically) whether, without the adventitious aid of anti-Zionist propaganda, the façade of Arab unity would have become as imposing as it appears to-day. History must record a final verdict on these issues. Meanwhile, it should be recognised that the ultimate enemies of unification are still more within than without the Arabian polities.

Stewart Symes

## POETRY AND THE THEATRE

**Peter Grimes, and Other Poems.** By Montagu Slater. *Lane 7s. 6d.*

**Oak Leaves and Lavender.** By Sean O'Casey. *Macmillan. 6s.*

**The Old Man of the Mountains.** By Norman Nicholson. *Faber. 6s.*

**Theseus and the Minotaur, and Poems.** By Patric Dickinson. *Cape. 5s.*

The English theatre has not produced a poet for more than two centuries: I suppose that *The Beggar's Opera* was the last poetical success on the stage, and that was a single flash in an age of prose. Since Gay there has been—who? Shelley, perhaps, with *The Cenci*. Odd that a nation that has given birth to more poets than any other should have provided also the most unresponsive audiences. It will be objected that many poets tried to write plays and failed: there the plays are, unacted and unactable, at the end of their works. But that argument ends by biting its own tail. No response, no impulse. We have been content, so far as poetry goes, to rely on Shakespeare—Shakespeare endlessly repeated, trimmed, brought into fashion—and the result has been lamentable. Suppose Tolstoy were to enjoy a similar monopoly with novel-readers, or Beethoven with concert-goers, where would be the new novelists and the new musicians? The other explanation, that after our Elizabethan heyday, poet-dramatists suddenly ceased to be born, seems altogether too improbable. Shelley, Browning, Hardy and others would no doubt have excelled as dramatists, given a theatre in which they and their works could grow. No such tradition existed. The divorce between poetic imagination and stage performance, as between theatricality and life, was complete.

Later years have seen a revival in the theatre both of drama and of poetry. (The two hang loosely together.) Apart from the tremendous influence of such poets as Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Synge, English poets have begun, rather cautiously and disdainfully, to feel their way back to the stage. It can't be said that, as yet, they have accomplished a great deal. Still, some possibilities have been explored and some points of contact have been made. One discovery, which I believe may carry far, is the new convergence of poetry and music. Mr. Montagu Slater's poem, *Peter Grimes,* is something that the old libretto rarely was: an essential part of the opera, with dramatic claims of its own. Mr. O'Casey employs a mixture of prose and verse, with singing and dancing thrown in. And of the other two writers, Mr. Patric Dickinson in his broadcast drama *Theseus and the Minotaur*—which, alas, I missed hearing—almost certainly counts on the effect of incidental music. Here, then, is an indication of one cross-wind—and a not unimportant one—blowing the cobwebs in a variety of ways.

I didn't realise, when I attended a performance of *Peter Grimes* at Sadler's Wells, that by far the greater part of it was in verse. There was perhaps no reason why I should, since music and phrase fitted beautifully, and combined to a single dramatic effect. What I had appreciated—and now appreciate more with Mr. Slater's text before me—is the terseness and vigour of his language. There are the few well-chosen echoes of Crabbe—

> O cold and wet and driven by the tide
> Beat your tired arms against your tarry side.
> Find rest in public bars where watery gin
> Will aid the warmth that languishes within,

but, except for a few choruses and soliloquies, the metre preferred is a four-stress line with rough rhymes. It serves its purpose admirably, both in the theatre and in the silence of the printed page. Those who have seen and heard *Peter Grimes* performed will remember the lively talk in the pub, the harsh irony of the repetitions ("Grimes is at his exercise"), the insistence of sea and storm. The words have taken their full share in evocation and dramatic effect, as also in an occasional lyric:

> Peter: Young prentice forgive. I did not mean
> That your need should give way to mine.
> Young prentice come
> Young prentice home.
> Young prentice if your candle flame
> Of little life dies in the dawn
> Young prentice come
> Young prentice home.

The other pieces in the book have all been performed except the last, and, though less remarkable than *Peter Grimes,* they reinforce Mr. Slater's claims as a writer of dramatic verse.

Mr. O'Casey's new play (which hasn't yet reached the stage) is a sort of *Heartbreak House* about the war just ended; but, of course, in Mr. O'Casey's own manner. That jumble hasn't, in recent years, quite come off, but I am glad to say that in *Oak Leaves and Lavender* it's nearer to coming off than in any play of his since *The Silver Tassie*. It has, for one thing, moments of superb comedy, with war workers thronging a manor and an inflammatory Irish butler half in tails and half in Home Guard uniform. What war work! (The year is late 1940.) Everyone is either shoving a pike through the window or making tea and forgetting to put the tea in, or roaring "Put out that light!", or damning the Government for restricting one's number of hens, or trying to work out a plan for saving kilowatts. The height of comedy is attained with the lady of the manor preaching British Israel and her butler wholeheartedly leading her on. This is a scene that will be worth going to Swiss Cottage or Notting Hill to hear. But the play has other aspects. The manor is haunted by languid dancers from the eighteenth century: they'll pass. The yokels talk a dialect that seems to mix Irish and Somerset: not so good. There's some tub-thumping about imperialism and Russia: h'm. The lovers, two pairs of them—but they aren't lovers at all, only stilted lay figures mouthing rhetoric about

Love. Listen to one of them (she's supposed to be the daughter of a small farmer):

> . . . But first come, love, to my room again, to dream away from us a moment more of restless turnings to the sound of war; and give darkness another chance to hush a lover and his lass into the sweet secrecy of themselves.

Heavens, imagine that spoken on the stage; and some critic is sure to go off saying that obviously the theatre's no place for poetry to-day. But the point is that this is *bad* poetry, intolerable on a stage or anywhere else. If only Mr. O'Casey would learn to suspect his grandiloquent leanings, what a playwright he would still be! How far *Oak Leaves and Lavender* can carry off its bathos one can't tell until one sees it performed; but I suspect an evening with magnificent fireworks to begin with on which the rain fitfully descends.

Mr. Norman Nicholson, on the other hand, has successfully evolved his own poetic form. *The Old Man of the Mountains* (given recently at the Mercury Theatre) retells the story of Elijah in a Westmorland setting. This is not a mere exercise in ingenuity, but a translation of genuine power and feeling. The drama almost, as they say, acts itself, and the sinewy country speech—a mixture of verse and prose—is everywhere used to enhance character and situation. Squire Ahab and the wind-blown Elijah—one doesn't resent an anachronism—are vigorously opposed in language as well as action. Before the brook dries up, for example, its voice is heard getting fainter:

> We are the voices of the beck.
> But slower, now, lower, now,
> Sliding, gliding, pausing, posing,
> Sauntering along and pondering in pools.
> The tarns are low and the lakes are lazy,
> And roar of the force is now but a drone,
> As the water oozes smooth from the moss
> Or trickles sedately through glades of fern.

I hope that Mr. Nicholson will find encouragement to write more plays.

The most essentially poetic of all these plays is Mr. Patric Dickinson's *Theseus and the Minotaur*. Where ears are the only audience, the word once more triumphs:

> How quiet it is, only the little sounds,
> The creak of a thwart, the mutter of a rope
> Protesting against the wind, and the water nuzzling
> The boat like piglets at the teats of a sow . . .

Such word-pictures, that tend either to embarrass faintly or to get lost in the theatre, belong naturally to radio. There need be here no compromise, no broadening of effect. In the difficult balance between poet and dramatist, the advantage goes for once to the first, who is free to write delicate and uninhibited verse. Mr. Dickinson has the instinct; his action develops with a beautiful light clarity that is the virtue of the writing itself. (I hope to return to Mr. Dickinson as a poet in another article.) The limits of radio drama are fairly obvious: probably it could never give us another Falstaff, but another Hamlet or Peer Gynt doesn't seem beyond its scope. One test of the truly successful radio play is this: do we forget (tradition-bound as we are) to visualise a stage? With Mr. Dickinson we do. Here is a modest first triumph in the theatre of the voice.

G. W. STONIER

## DOCUMENTARY

**I Was One of the Unemployed.** By MAX COHEN. *Gollancz.* *7s. 6d.*

**Two Odd Soldiers.** By HILARY WAYNE. *Allen and Unwin.* *6s.*

**How Like a Wilderness.** By ROLAND GANT. *Gollancz.* *6s.*

For the writer it is not experience that is important but what he does with his experience. This dictum of the Dean of English letters should be pinned up on the desk of all writers of documentary, as American business men were said to have injunctions to hustle pinned on theirs. It should be underlined in red for those whose experience has been unexciting or merely depressing. If you have been parachuted over Normandy, like Mr. Gant, if you have been captured and worked alongside German doctors, been in a prison camp where you have made friends with Russians and then escaped to their lines, you have a better chance of producing an engrossing story than if you are trying, like Mr. Cohen, to make a record of the wearisome business of being one of the unemployed. Even the most skilful writers have found it a problem to convey boredom without being boring. The experience Mr. Cohen is relating is not only boring, it is wearisome, shameful, soul-destroying. A skilled cabinet-maker still in his 'teens, he is forced to mooch for years round the dingy side-streets of poverty, with the Labour Exchange a squalid centre of perpetual hanging about, endless queues, utter lack of humanity, and a total absence of respect for the human creature. Tasteless, unnourishing, cheap food at dirty snack cafés; swindling employers on the watch to batten down wages; the slow dwindling of all resources, financial, mental, physical; and, worst of all, your human dignity peeled away skin by skin as if you were an onion in an onion glut. This is the terrible disease of industrial civilisation and those who suffer it must inevitably come to feel that anything is better than that. The glibber defenders of our Western Civilisation certainly need reminding that for three million of their fellow countrymen this, so far, has been the concomitant cost of the values they defend. Unfortunately, I doubt whether Mr. Cohen's book, admirable in intention, will reach or touch those who need reminding. The book is far too long, the undertaking far too difficult; it would take a Zola to raise this sordid pitiful dingy subject to the level of the absorbing, and he would only use it as a pervading background. Mr. Cohen recounts his mournful experiences, but he is not skilful enough to recreate them.

The two odd soldiers of Mrs. Wayne's title are herself, aged 56 and her daughter, Hazel, aged fifteen. They falsified their ages to join the A.T.S. which seemed to them at the time the most useful war-work they could undertake. It turned out otherwise. After their period of training they were virtually unused, and finally, in sheer frustration, applied for and obtained their release. There are some lively glimpses of life among the girls; this was Mrs. Wayne's first close contact with the less privileged classes, and she was surprised at finding how real is the existence among us of Disraeli's Two Nations. She relates her experiences briefly and directly, but being (at least, in print) neither particularly imaginative nor reflective, she does not make very much out of them.

Mr. Roland Gant's picture of a crowded year between D-Day and V-Day is much the most entertaining of the three books; and this, not only by virtue of the experiences themselves, though they do, of course, afford infinitely easier material. But Mr. Gant brings to his material a personality that is evidently humane, civilised and yet robust. What happens is exciting, but it is the attitude of interest and sympathy informing it (without obtruding itself) that makes his document delightfully readable. It is not more than that and is not meant to be; unpretentiousness is one of Mr. Gant's qualities (if one excepts the title and the chapter headings, which I take to be an excusable wallowing in the pleasures of the word after years of undernourishment). In these days when everyone seems to be anxious to listen to and to retail every scrap of tittle-tattle derogatory to the Russians, it is refreshing to read an account of our Allies which presents them as warmly human and friendly, and in their administration sensible and straightforward. Mr. Gant is one of those enviable people who finds contact with his fellows the most rewarding

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IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

A £40,000,000 PLAN.

THE 19th ordinary general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., was held on 23rd May in London, the Right Hon. Lord McGowan, K.B.E., D.C.L., LL.D., the chairman, presiding.

The following is an extract from his statement circulated with the report and accounts:—

The country faces grave economic problems, and the company will give its full energies to assist in their solution. By the end of the year considerable progress had been made in turning over to production of peacetime needs.

During the last three years much time and thought have been devoted to examining the ways in which the company can best assist the country's efforts to re-establish and expand its productive capacity.

A provisional long-term programme of capital expenditure covering the next eight years has been prepared, amounting in all to over £40,000,000. The programme makes provision for improvements and extensions of our existing manufacturing plants and services, for construction of entirely new plants, for extensions to research laboratories, and for welfare amenities.

During the first half of the year research and development activities continued to be directed almost exclusively to the prosecution of the war, but with victory it became possible to devote increasing attention to applying to peacetime purposes materials invented prior to or during the war.

OVERSEAS ACTIVITIES.

The expansion of exports is well in the forefront of the Board's attention. During the latter half of 1945, in spite of the shortage of shipping and the continuation of export controls, the company's exports exceeded in volume those in the comparable period of 1938. Overseas sales are now being made as fast as production by both the home and the overseas manufacturing companies will allow. The company will be equipped commercially and technically to handle the much increased range and volume of products it has to offer.

During the war Imperial Chemical Industries of Australia and New Zealand, Ltd., has added more products to its range of manufactures. I have just returned from an extended tour of the Union of South Africa and Southern Rhodesia. African Explosives & Chemical Industries, Ltd., operates three large factories. The prospects are excellent. Canadian Industries, Ltd., is well placed to further Canadian industrial development. The Board have paid close attention to developments in India.

The subject of international commercial relations is one of great importance to the company. In the past the company has been a party to various international agreements, some involving an exchange of patent and process knowledge in defined fields, some involving purely marketing arrangements, and others involving a combination of the two. In general, the Board are of opinion that there is room, and indeed need, in international trade for arrangements of all these types.

The consolidated income for the year has risen from £7,223,271 to £7,692,729, an increase of £469,458, after providing £3,314,133 for obsolescence and depreciation.

The Board throughout the war made it a firm policy to keep all prices at the lowest possible level and have endeavoured to support that policy by a continuous drive to reduce costs through increased efficiency and higher yields. The Board recognise the urgent national need for increased exports. I hope that every effort will be made by the Government to confine restrictions and controls within the narrowest possible limits and to remove uncertainties.

The report was adopted.

NORWICH UNION

INSURANCE SOCIETIES

THE Annual Meetings of the Norwich Union Fire and Life Insurance Societies were held at the Head Offices, Norwich, on 20th and 21st May. The reports and accounts disclose remarkably gratifying results for the year ended 31st December last. Though war conditions still prevailed during much of the period under review, the new sums insured by the Life Society totalled £11,583,988, an increase of £1,290,289 over 1944, the number of policies being 14,755 compared with 13,638. The net rate of interest earned on the total funds, which now amount to £61,018,023, showed a slight increase at £3 10s. 4%, whilst death claims were £75,470 down at £1,215,887.

The Quinquennial Valuation at 31st December last disclosed a surplus of £7,042,637 after payment of interim bonuses, and with-profit policies have had reversionary bonuses added at rates of £2% per annum for whole-life policies and £1 10s.% per annum for endowment assurances. These rates cover the ten-year period from 1935.

The sister Society, the Norwich Union Fire, has also had a good year so far as increases in Fire and Accident premiums are concerned, for these have risen by £189,985 and £257,933 respectively. Losses have however also increased considerably so that the amounts carried to profit and loss at £30,172 (Fire) and £167,417 (Accident) are less than in 1944. This is however partly offset by an increase of £75,000 in the transfer from the Marine section. Income and other Home Taxes absorb £222,856 and, after transferring £100,000 to the General Reserve Fund and £50,000 to Pension Fund, the sum of £370,588 is carried forward against £341,460 brought forward from 1944.

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London, E.C.3
Telephone: AVEnue 1011

of human activities; in his approach to them he combines a preference for seeing their niceness rather than their nastiness with a civilised tolerance and a sense of adventure.

T. C. WORSLEY

## AN AMBASSADRESS

**Red Cross and Berlin Embassy, 1915-1926.** Extracts from the diaries of VISCOUNTESS D'ABERNON. *John Murray.* 10s. 6d.

Lloyd George's choice of Lord D'Abernon for the Berlin Embassy in the summer of 1920 led to one of the most successful appointments of the Armistice years. A good informal diary of his office term could not fail, therefore, to be interesting in the light of the present, and a good informal diary is exactly what we have. Its fault is that there is not enough of it. Lady D'Abernon, in fact, is one of those diarists who are at their best in January with a brand new volume before them; hesitations follow in spring; there is a remorseful summer spurt; and then the long autumn silence falls for good, until a fresh volume dangles from the Christmas tree.

These intermittences are the more to be regretted for the freshness and pungency of what we have. The Red Cross part of the diary sets Lady D'Abernon in perspective to begin with. It shows her during the latter period of the war close to the front line in France and in Italy; she is energetic, sensible and generous, and in a few casual details she draws in, without vanity, an enviable self-portrait. The close of the first world war, in retrospect, has an almost halcyon quality. With Lord Curzon at the Foreign Office and Lord Derby in Paris, even the peace seems auspicious; surely no fatal disturbance of the pattern of civilisation can occur, one exclaims. Everybody has a good house in the country and a good house in London, everybody travels intelligently, everybody perceives by instinct the exact relative position in the world of everybody else. And yet Lady D'Abernon notes, in the middle of the Armistice Day celebrations in Paris, "Some day everything may be revealed in its true perspective, but to-day the War appears as a cataclysm marked by very few redeeming features . . . The next turn of the wheel will usher in Realists, Financiers and adventurers who will devise new and probably quite fallacious remedies and expedients." And it is in a mood of clear-sighted scepticism that begin those chapters of the diary which deal with her courageous attempt to recreate a "normal" diplomatic ambience in the Wilhelmstrasse.

Thereafter, with a decorum which is not above delightful strokes of malice, Lady D'Abernon notes her passing reactions to the times and their varied leaders. There is Keyserling, talking of his own latest book "with undisguised enthusiasm"; the wife of the American State Secretary, "the epitome of what one conceives—probably erroneously—to be the Mayflower type—and no doubt a sterling woman"; the von Bülows, Lichnowsky, Stresemann, "not unlike an inspired bull-frog," a row of generals and finally Prince Pless among the fabulous splendours of Fürstenstein. There are glimpses of policy-makers none the less vivid for being odd. For instance, she notes after a dinner at the close of the London Conference of March 1921: "Both [Foch and Weygand] were in tearing spirits over the result, or rather the complete breakdown of the Conference. It was followed by the French occupation at 6 a.m. this morning of the three advanced Rhine towns." It is a measure of the confidence which one feels in Lady D'Abernon's judgment that her own comment in such moments, even silent, can be taken for granted. And there is something charming about an honesty which has left intact a single reference to the destroyer of all Lord D'Abernon's hopes, "a man of low origin, Adolf Hitler."

ALAN PRYCE-JONES

**Horizon.** MAY, 2s.

Dorothy's Bussy's recollections of Paul Valéry suffice to make the May *Horizon* valuable, for they are exact, succinct, most acute, and rich in remembered *dicta*. The portrait by Simon Bussy is similarly incisive. Bernard Gutteridge reveals rare descriptive gifts in an account of Bombay, Geoffrey Grigson provides valuable information about Samuel Palmer's friends, and Julia Strachey reviews fiction as brilliantly as she writes it. The poems of the eighteen-year-old Olivier Larronde both baffle and excite curiosity. Maxwell Fry's letter on architecture is baffling in a different way, for it seems to express only a confused mind. And it is noticeable that his sketch of the Piazzetta at Venice, which he calls "a most subtle measurement of space" alters not only the proportions but even the situation of the buildings it purports to represent.

Mr. Gilbert Norwood's *Pindar* reviewed by Louis MacNeice in last week's paper is issued in England by the *Cambridge University Press*, price 14s.

## Week-end Competitions

### No. 852

**Set by V. S. Pritchett**

The usual prizes are offered for a new set of Ten Commandments. Entries by June 4th.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 849

**Set by William Whitebait**

A writer in the *Manchester Guardian* related the other day how he had been approached in Bond Street by a policeman who asked him the time. Competitors are asked to submit a set of three similar anecdotes indicative of the period we live in.

**Report by William Whitebait**

Among the entries were a number of true stories, either vouched for by the writer or accompanied by a press cutting. One correspondent (Flt. Lieut. S. J. Robins) described in a letter how on arriving at Euston Station in a 1937 Austin he wanted to park the car and buy a packet of cigarettes. The policeman on duty offered him £250 for the car, and gave his name and address in case the owner decided to sell. He then disappeared for a few moments and returned with a packet of twenty Players, which no one else, he swore, could have obtained for love or money. I'm sorry I can't give this correspondent a prize but he mentions only this single experience, whereas three were asked for. If he still has the car, I could, no doubt, put him in touch with another buyer.

My personal thanks to Mr. T. E. Casson for this delicate invention: "An American soldier, on being asked in a London restaurant if he would take Whitebait, replied that he would prefer Lord Verulam. On being told that they hadn't any, he said sadly, 'He would be content with Lamb.'"

Prizes of a guinea each to Philosecessus (name and address, please), Archibald Gibbs, L. E. J., Towanbucket, J. R. Till. A selection follows the prizewinners.

*These stories are true:*

I.

About 1944 I gave a lift to two large and somnolent American airmen. They only spoke once; after five miles, one said to the other:

"When you went to Scotland for that whisky, did you drive or fly?"

"Flew," said the other.

II.

I overheard the following high-pitched fragment when a guest in a London Ladies' Club:

**Accommodation Vacant and Wanted**

TO let in flat, N.W.8. Divan-rm., c.h.w., for Officer/prof./bus. man. MAI. 8020.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, rom £2 15s. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

IDEAL home for quiet lodger. All convs. except telephone. Please call after 8 p.m. or write: 32 Fairfax Road, N.W.6.

ST. John's Wood. Charming large bed-sitting-room, pte. bath, tel., breakfast, in luxury flat (rest. and bar in bldg.), suit business man; 5 *gns.* p.w. References essential. Apply Box 333.

FURN. priv. bed-sit.-rm. (single) to let. 3 mins. tube. Belsize Ave. PRI. 5795.

WEST Sussex. To let for school holidays or longer, eight roomed cottage, ½ mile from Petworth—Billingshurst Rd. All modern convs. except e.l. Box 337.

IN exchange for seaside holiday in bungalow or cottage, use of modern house, Central London, same period. Quiet, sandy beach preferred. Every care taken and expected. Harris, 26 Dawson Place, W.2.

£3,000 to £4,000 paid for small house with 2/5 acres up to 20 miles from London or exchange for small 4-bedroomed house with garage in Finchley. Grose, 85 Dollis Park, Finchley.

YOUNG Doctor requires consulting room and possibly living accom. in private house, Sloane Street area or near. Box 1073.

MEDICAL Student urgently requires accommodation in London or district. G. E. Dower, St. Barts'. Hospital, London.

CEYLONESE Student with good references wishes to live as paying guest with English family or in guest house. North-West London with easy access to tube preferred. Particulars to Box 393.

EX-SERVICEMAN wants self-contained unfurn. flat (1 room and bath). Central London from July. Box 317.

WANTED in September by young professional woman: bed-sitting-room, within easy reach Victoria. Box 363.

**Accommodation—continued**

LARGE bed-sitting room or two smaller rooms or flatlet, pref. furnished, reqd. access Central London, by research worker. Part board if poss. Away all weekends. Write Box 356.

NAVAL Officer and wife urgently require unfurnished house, flat, rooms, cottage, in or near Cambridge. Write 407, Spen Lane, Leeds, 6.

SEASIDE cottage easy reach London required August: sleep 4 (2 children). Ward, 43 England's Lane, N.W.3. PRI. 0118.

**Personal**

BRUNEL. The death occurred on May 14th at 2 Harley Road, London, N.W.3, of Madame Adey Brunel, Beloved mother of Adrian Brunel. Salud camerada!

CHILDREN hate coming to us; let us come to them. We photograph your children in your home where they are at ease and at their best. Moderate terms. Unity Studios (Reg.), 9 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. TEM. 4818.

NURSERY Guest House, Cowes, has moved to a larger house 2 mins. away, and will have a few vacancies for children from two years. Full charge for long or short stay. Kindergarten starting September. Very happy home atmosphere and trained care. Write Mrs. Walmsley, Grantham Lodge.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1, accept and exhibit works of art for sale on commission.

"THE Knight of the Burning Pestle"—will people interested in acting in this play, to be perf. central London, October, for school parties and young adults, commun. with Jean Wheelwright, 11 Rolfe Road, S.E.7.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 522.

RUSSIAN taught by a Russian. 'Phone, Hampstead 3801.

HUNGARIAN lessons by qualified lady, Afternoon/evening, weekdays. Box 259.

FARMING. Intelligent young man seeks work. No exp., mech. minded, anywhere, pref. Devon. Wage secondary. Box 354.

**Personal—continued**

CORNISH holiday for young prof., service, university people wanting informal atmosphere; unspoilt country nr. sea, good food, bathing, walking. Private house party, Penzance–St. Ives district. June 29th–July 13th, also July 27th–Sept. 14th Box A4759.

RUSSIAN lessons and conversation given by expd. qual. lady teacher. Box 320.

RUSSIAN—easily, rapidly and efficiently by most modern Russian method of teaching. Barbeau Russian Postal Course, Dept. N.S., 8 Courtfield Gdns., Kensington, W.5.

MEMBER Intelligence Corps, demob. July, speaks fluent French, good German, Spanish, disposing small capital, desires partner with business proposition, good refs. essent. Alternatively sks. business post. Box 332.

FOR sale. Library bookselling, excellent live bus., estd. 10 yrs. Post-war prospects good. Main line (L.M.S.) 1 hr. London. £1,750 incl. stock. L.U. shop, 11 years' lease. Turnover £2,000 approx. Accts.' figures Snip! Box 364.

HOUSE purchase. Latest scheme combines advantages of all others. Unusual flexibility. Strictly competitive. Absolute repute. Transferable to any future house. No initial fees. Also of interest to those already having mortgages. E. W. Beard & Sons, 109 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

QUALIFIED wireless engineer can undertake rebuilding or repair of radios or radiograms. Highest quality machines only. Will interview. Box 370.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rentals. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4 Tudor St., E.C.4.

STUDIO-office, W.C.2 district, could be shared with independent designer, mod. rental. Box 372.

CONTACT lenses. Mr. Wm. Sudder-Dean, F.B.O.A., F.N.A.O., consults by appointment for the advice on fitting of Contact lenses. Write for leaflet, 355 Oxford St., W.1.

WEST-END Gallery, ground floor available for Painters' and Sculptors' personal shows. Reasonable terms. Welbeck 1553.

**Personal—continued**

FRENCH, Ital. corres. course by author. Attractive method. Box A4460.

BRUSH Up Your Memory. A new course "Your Mind and How To Use It," by founder of Pelmanism. Complete 6 postal lessons, fee 30s. Pamphlet free. Ennever Foundation, Vernon House, Sicilian Avenue, W.C1.

PIANISTS—Violinists. Rapid Fingering. Flexible wrists, octave playing made easy (pianists), Vibrato (violinists). Descript. bk. "Finger Magic" (2½*d.* stp.), Director, Cowling Institute, 60 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

JEWELLERY bought (real and imitation). Diamonds, pearls, trinkets, rings, old gold, silver, silver plate; new, old, faulty watches cig. cases. Top prices. Buyer calls or post to Harris, 268 Clapham Rd., S.W.9. MAC 4808.

WATCHES wanted; new, old, disused, or out of order. Top prices paid. Send registered. Cash or offer return. Kay's (N.S.), 19 Hopwood Ave., Manchester, 4.

WARS, Tyranny and Social Unrest Avoided. Send 2*d.* stamp for Booklet to N.C. Press Ltd., 20 Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1.

AUSTRIA 1946—a vivid eye-witness account of her plight by Dr. Jeger, M.P., and Maurice Orbach, M.P. Should not be missed. Cover by Vicki, maps by Horrabin, photos. 2*s.* from booksellers or St. Botolph Publishing Co. Ltd., 5 Little Britain, E.C.1.

SOCIAL Service. Consult N.C.S.S. Library and Books Advice Service, 32 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

THE Jewish Problem. How can it be solved? Every thinking man and woman must read the most important book ever published on this subject: "Gentile and Jew." Symposium—100 contributors, 12*s.* 6*d.* From The Editor, 77 Berwick St., London, W.1, or any Bookseller.

BOOKS on Art. Illustrated books (Picasso, Rouault, etc.). Fashion, Private Presses. Catalogue, 3*d.* St. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor Street, W.1.

DRUGS Destroy Health — Read "Why Nature Cure?" 3*d.* from Secretary Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"But *I* said I thought the Vicar was *quite* wrong; because after all, a gathering of Noncomformists like that would be the most *un*-social thing you could possibly imagine."

III.

An undergraduette I know canvassed an Essex village for the Labour Party during the General Election. She stated her case to an elderly farmer, who listened and, after a pause, replied:

"Oi've made moy poile; and yew can go to b——y."

PHILOSECESSUS

*The following paragraphs have recently appeared in newspapers:*

I.

A London firm last week despatched a parcel of six pairs of trousers to a Leicester tailor. The parcel arrived with three pairs missing, but with two expensive toy dogs added. The police cannot understand what kind of crime it is, nor why the thief did not take all the trousers. The toy dogs only deepen the mystery.

II.

An attempt to obtain possession of a bull terrier which killed a small girl has failed for a retired U.S. Navy man who described himself as, "A friend of all dogs," says Reuter.

The applicant, Grady Terry, sought a writ of *habeas corpus* for Woof, the terrier, but was turned down by Judge Walter Gates.

The dog killed 21-months-old Marguerit Derdeneer apparently in jealousy over the attention given the child by the mother and the parents ordered the dog to be killed.

III.

This morning, Mr. H. Gold, of Mossley Hill, Liverpool, will place half a crown in the mouth of Paddy, his Collie dog, who will then trot away to the home of Miss F. Singer in Wavertree, a mile and a half away.

There he will surrender the coin for a savings stamp, which Miss Singer, group secretary, will wrap in paper and place in the dog's mouth. Paddy will then complete his three-mile weekly journey.

Paddy has done it for five years, and has never lost a coin or a stamp.

ARCHIBALD GIBBS

I.

A famous Revue-actress lately asked a luncheon-party: "Who is Lord Jowitt?" Nobody laughed, because nobody knew.

II.

Scene: A London dinner-party.

HE: "Adler remarks somewhere that the greatest of all books on psychology is the New Testament."

SHE: "Really? I must get it."

III.

A small girl, having been told by her father that the stork had brought her a little sister, sat down and wrote to her brother at school: "Dear Jack, you owe me five bob. It's a girl."

L. E. J.

I.

DEPRECIATION OF THE POUND.

A small child in a baker's shop was heard to say: "Please, I want a four-pound loaf, and mother says, how much does it weigh now?"

II.

RING IN THE OLD.

"But, darling, that's a *new* car you've got. You said——"

"I know; I know· But a second-hand one was more than I could afford."

III.

SAVAGE BREAST.

"What's the matter, my little man?" asked the passer-by of a little boy, with a stick, who was looking tired and tearful. "Can't find any railings," sniffed the youngster. "Now, now, you know, climbing railings is dangerous." "Don't want to climb 'em," snorted the lad. "Want to rattle my stick."

TOWANBUCKET

(*Authentic happenings.*)

I.

The wife of a solicitor who had joined the Forces was interviewing a prospective charwoman. "You say your husband's in the Army," said the charwoman. "What rank is he?" "He's a private," said the solicitor's wife. "In that case, I'm afraid I can't help you," was the reply. "*My* husband's a captain."

II.

Porter at a big London terminus a few days after Easter: "Excuse me, ma'am, can you tell me the time of the next train to——?"

III.

"Have a cigarette," I said to a woman member of His Majesty's Forces. Producing a well-seasoned clay pipe, she said: "No—have a fill." We exchanged pouches and puffed thoughtfully.

J. R. TILL

FIRST SMALL BOY: "Whe-e-e-bhang—I'm an atom bomb."

SECOND SMALL BOY: "You gotter lie down dead—I got you with my radar."

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

An Irish labourer threw up his well-paid job in England, announcing that he was going home because he got nothing to eat here, but potatoes.

R. S. JAFFRAY

I saw the record queue the other day. When I was going to business about 8.30 a.m. the queue, which was composed almost entirely of strong, silent men, was already formidable in numbers. When I returned in the evening, it took half-an-hour's sharp walking to travel from one end of it to the other. I asked one of the dauntless heroes what the queue was for.

"Whiskey!" he replied, and added in a warning voice, "and it is for regular customers only!"

JAS. J. NEVIN.

A shepherd seriously asked my opinion of the weather probabilities.

PANTAREI

"Shine, sir?"
"No thank you—I always clean my own shoes."
"Dirty Fascist!"

JAS. J. NEVIN

The boy was on top of the tram. From his pocket he drew out a banana. Very slowly he split the skin at one end and pulled it back to reveal about one inch of the inside. For the next quarter of an hour, he nibbled and licked until half an inch of banana had disappeared. Then very carefully he folded the skin back again, wrapped his banana up in a piece of brown paper and returned it to his pocket.

L. G. UDALL

"No, Johnny, you cannot have another slice of bread. Be a good boy and have a nice toffee instead!"

DOUGLAS HAWSON

Buying a pot of honey in a country town, I inquired: "Is this imported honey?" "Oh, no, it's all bee honey," was the reply.

E. M. HERRING

This week I was visited by the house-to-house representative of a firm which wanted to buy vacuum cleaners.

R. C. HORWOOD

Unsuccessful Conservative Candidate (at Club): "After you with the *New Statesman.*"

H. M. BAKER

Advertisement in local paper: "Could any kind woman lend a wedding dress for four hours."

MILES MARCH

On a walking tour I was looking for somewhere to put up for the night, and asked a boy standing at the door of a farmhouse where his mother was. "She's out," he said. "She's gone to black market."

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

On top of a bus, the conductress, noticing that my lighter refused its office, took a box of matches from her pocket, drew one swiftly across the bosom of her pants, and dexterously lit my cigarette.

GUY INNES

**Lectures and Meetings**

"JUNGLE Law" in Greece. Come and hear N. Dodds, M.P., L. J. Solley, M.P., S. Tiffany, M.P., just back from Greece. Information Conference, Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, E.C.4, 3 p.m., June 1st. Chair: Compton Mackenzie. Visitors 1*s.*, delegates 2*s.* 6*d.*, from League for Democracy in Greece, c/o Hannen Swaffer, 8 St. Martin's Pl., London, W.C.2.

FEDERAL Union Meeting—"Peace by Federation," May 29th, 7.0 p.m., at Mary Sumner House, 24 Tufton Street, Westminster. Speakers: R. W. G. Mackay, M.P., Lt.-Cdr. Innes Hamilton, D.S.C., R.N., Dr. C. A. Smith (Common Wealth). Chairman, Henry Usborne, M.P. Adm. free. Some reserved seats at 1*s.* from Federal Union, 0 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

SOCIAL Security—Where from here?" by Alf. Flaskett. I.F.L. meeting, Room 2, Kingsway Hall. May 31st, 7 p.m.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA—British-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 27 Palace Court, W.2 BAY 2734–5), May 28th, 7.30 p.m. Musical Quiz, directed by Miss Marjory Westbury.

R.A. Scott James on "The Unity of the Arts," Tues., 28th; Clive Sanson in a Poetry reading from Hardy, Housman and Hopkins, Fri., 31st. 8 p.m. International Arts Centre, 3 Orme Sq., Bayswater Road.

CHARLOTTE Street Centre will hold future meetings at 1 Hampstead Hill Gardens (Belsize Park Tube), Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m. May 29th, Richard Church: Poetry's Future, June 5th, Peter Dawson: Industrial Design.

TO-MORROW, Sunday, 26th, A. J. Pevsner on "Modern Art" at the International Youth Centre, 30 Pont St., S.W.1, at 8 p.m.

ALL-Party Brains Trust with H. D. Hughes, M.P., Lt.-Col. Hon. John Hare, M.P., Capt. Roderick Bowen, M.P., and Gabriel Carritt, at the International Youth Centre, 0 Pont St., S.W.1, at 8 p.m., on Friday, 31st.

PROF. G. Thornton lectures on "Marxism and Poetry." May 26th, 6.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Communist Party lecture. Tickets 1*s.*, from 38 Clerkenwell Green.

**Lectures—continued**

THEOSOPHY. Lecture on May 26th, 8 p.m. U.L.T., 17 Gt. Cumberland Pl., W.1. "Responsibility—The Law of Growth."

FRIDAY Lunch-hour Meetings, Kingsway Hall, W.C.2, 1.15 p.m. May 31st. Sir Arthur Salter, M.P.: "Famine." Programme. National Peace Council, 144 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

INSTITUTE for Experimental Metaphysics Ltd. (Psychic Investigation), Walton House, Walton St., S.W.3. Ken. 6865. Wed., May 29th, 6 p.m. Stavely Bulford: "Continuity of individuality and consciousness." Mems., 1*s.*; non-mems., 2*s.* 6*d.*

ETHICAL Church, Queensway, W.2. May 26th, at 11 a.m. H. J. Blackham: "The Planned Self."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Meetings, 11 a.m. May 26th, Archibald Robertson, M.A.: "Loyalties."

**Scholarship**

GORDONSTOUN School Entrance Scholarships. Three scholarships for boys offered for award in 1946. They vary in value from £30 to £100 p.a., according to the requirements of parents. One will be reserved as a Nautical Scholarship for a boy wishing to join Nautical Dept. at Gordonstoun with a view to entering Royal Navy or Merchant Service. One will be reserved for a boy at school in Scotland. Candidates, who must be between 13 and 14½ on September 1st, 1946, are required to sit for a qualifying exam. at their schools on June 24th, 25th and 26th. Those who pass will be summoned to an oral exam. at Gordonstoun on August 1st. Closing date for entrance, June 10th. Further partics. from The Director of Studies, Gordonstoun, Elgin.

**Summer School**

FEDERAL Union Summer School, Matlock Bath, Derbyshire, Aug. 31st–Sept. 7th. Spkrs. will include Lionel Curtis, Henry Usborne M.P. Apply Federal Union, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2, encl. stpd. add. env.

**Lecture Courses and Specialised Training**

FRENCH Institute in Scotland. Vacation course for post-graduates will be held at Carbisdale Castle, Ross-shire, from Aug. 1st–23rd, and will be directed by Mr. Cossart, Inspecteur de L'Instruction Publique. Staff will comprise competent teachers, a phonetician and ten tutors. Classes will be held from 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., and will be devoted to translations and lessons on phonetics and elocution. Afternoons will be free. At 5.30 p.m. there will be lectures on French arts and literature and French political and social institutions from 1870 to 1946, by well-known specialists. Evenings will be devoted to social activities and cost of residence will be £2 5*s.* p.w. Applics. for enrolment: J. Chiari, 28 Regent Terr., Edinburgh.

COURSE of Lectures on Middle East, Palestine House, 18 Manchester Sq., W.1, covering politics, economics and culture of Turkey, Iraq, Syria, Egypt, Iran, Sudan, Saudi-Arabia, Palestine. Each lecture will bear reference to relationship between country under discussion and Palestine. "Cultural Development of Saudi-Arabia." Tuesday, 28th, at 6 p.m. Speaker, Mr. St. John Philby, Fee for course, 5*s.*

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal: Miss C. M. Read. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. The course extends over 3 years. Fees, £186 per annum.

**Schools and Educational**

SAME direction. Same ideas. Dane Court, Pyrford, near Woking, reopens in May. Dane Court, Whatcombe, near Blandford, remains open. Good food. H. F. Pooley.

FORMOSA School (Junior Co-ed. 50), Epping House, Hertford. Quaker Frobel basis. A few "problems" taken if intelligent. Rec. by doctors and psychiatrists. Mrs. Beamish, B.A., A.R.C.M. Essendon 341.

MALTMAN'S Green, Gerrard's Cross, 9 to 19, Founder, Miss B. Chambers, M.A. Head Mistress, Miss Theo. M. Lowe, M.A. Aim: to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative.

**Schools—continued**

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts. Home school for boys and girls, 3 to 13, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness.—Elizabeth Strachan. Tel., Ware 52.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School—38 Eton Ave., N.W.3. PRI. 4306. Boarding School—Yarkhill Court, nr. Hereford. Co-ed., 4–16. Realistic approach to mod. educ. Henry G. A. Paul & Elizabeth Paul, Ph.D.

SHERWOOD School (Epsom 9125).—A co-educ. Commun., aiming at indep., init. and friendliness. Schl., Higher Certs.; boarding, day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, Sutton, Kingston, Leatherhead).

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11/12 Clifford St., W.1. Regent 2083. Founded 1901.

**Where to Stay and Restaurants**

CHARMOUTH, Dorset, Devonedge (Private) Hotel. H. & C., gas fires in bedrooms. 5 mins. sea, surrounded by glorious country.

IRTON Hall, Holmrook, Cumberland, in Lake District. Gateway to Eskdale and Wastdale, nr. Seascale, 18 hole golf course; from 5 guineas per week; 15s. per day. Conferences catered for. Apply Manager.

NORTH Cornwall. Wyndhurst Hotel, Wadebridge. Tel. 225. Home produce, excellent cuisine. Easy reach safe bathing, beaches and golf links. 3 mins. station, buses, shops. Central all parts.

PAYING Guests welcomed; modern comforts; home produce; inclusive terms 4 gns. weekly. "The Chase," Albourne, Sx.

OXFORD. Holiday accommodation, double rooms, breakfast. Box 381.

BORDERING Devon, remote country. Books, scenery, home produce. 3½–4 gns. p.w. Turner, Raddington Mill, Wiveliscombe, Som.

LAKES. Charming old mansion, magnificent view. Modern conveniences. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1, Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.